

CHATTERTON
POEMS

1777





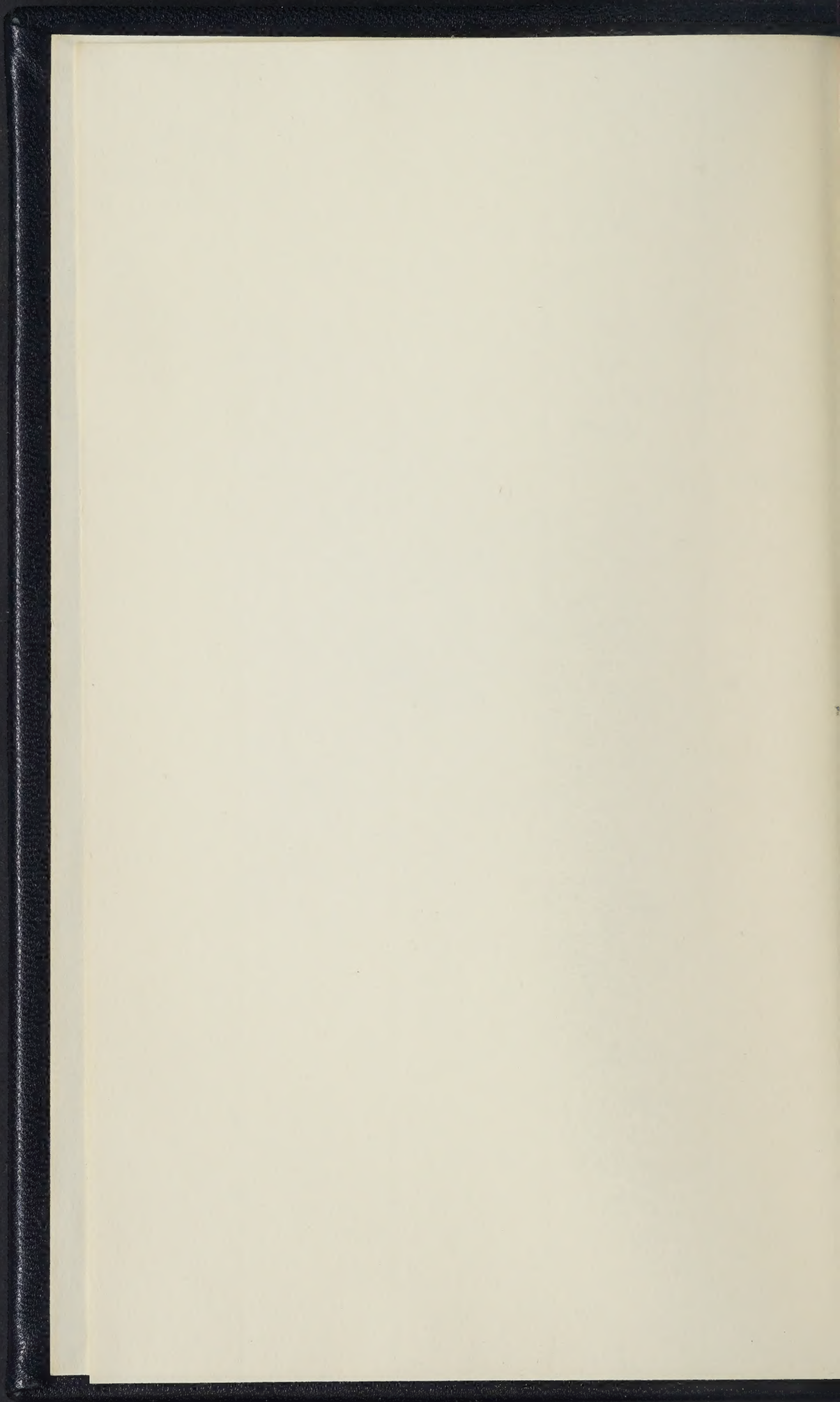


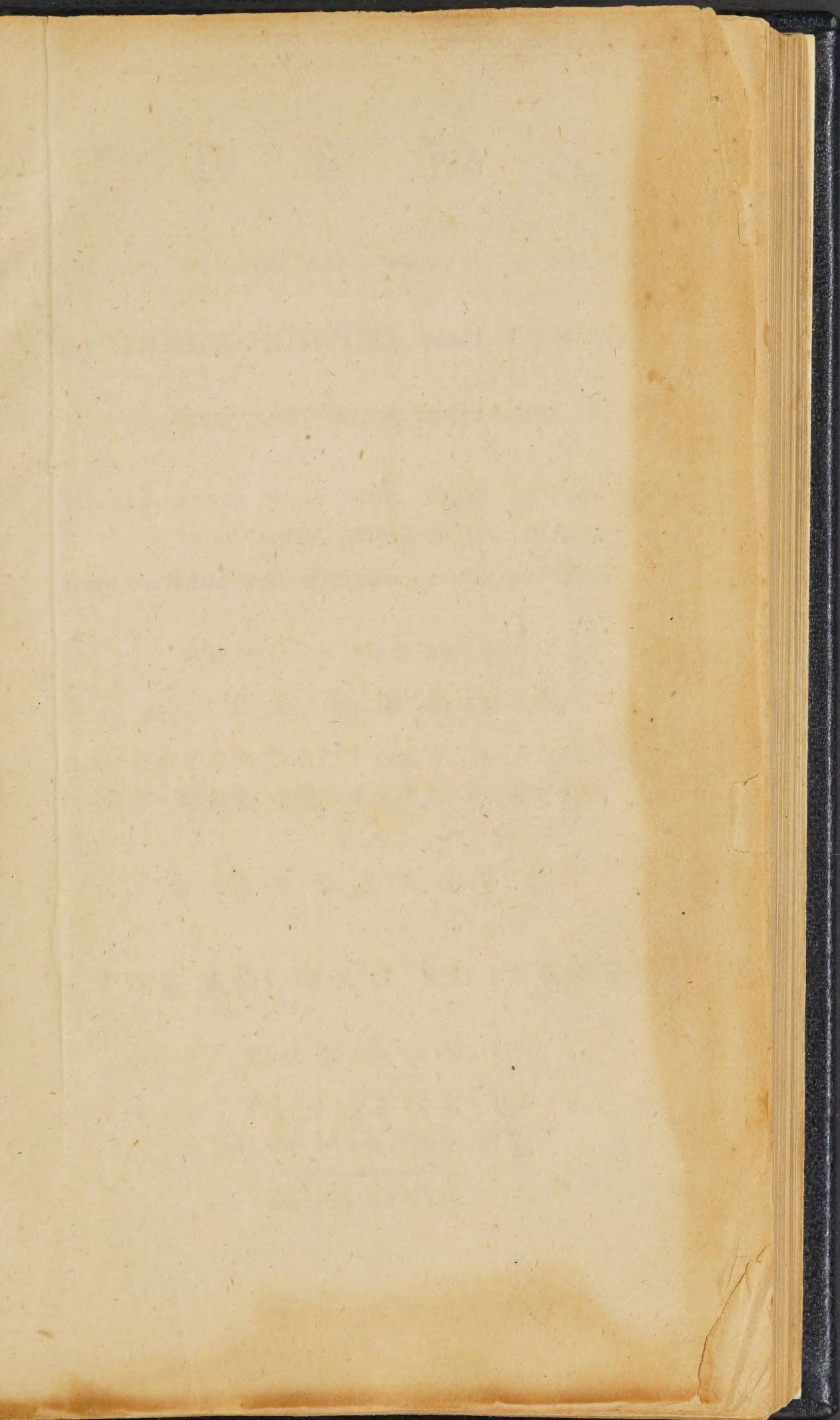


Rev. & James Lambert, A. M.
Trin. Coll. Cant.

2000

1278





P. O. R. M. S.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

100 N. 5TH ST. N. Y. C.

P O E M S,

Case C. 4.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY;

THE GREATEST PART NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC COPIES,
WITH AN ENGRAVED SPECIMEN OF ONE OF THE MSS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A P R E F A C E,

AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT
OF THE SEVERAL PIECES,

AND

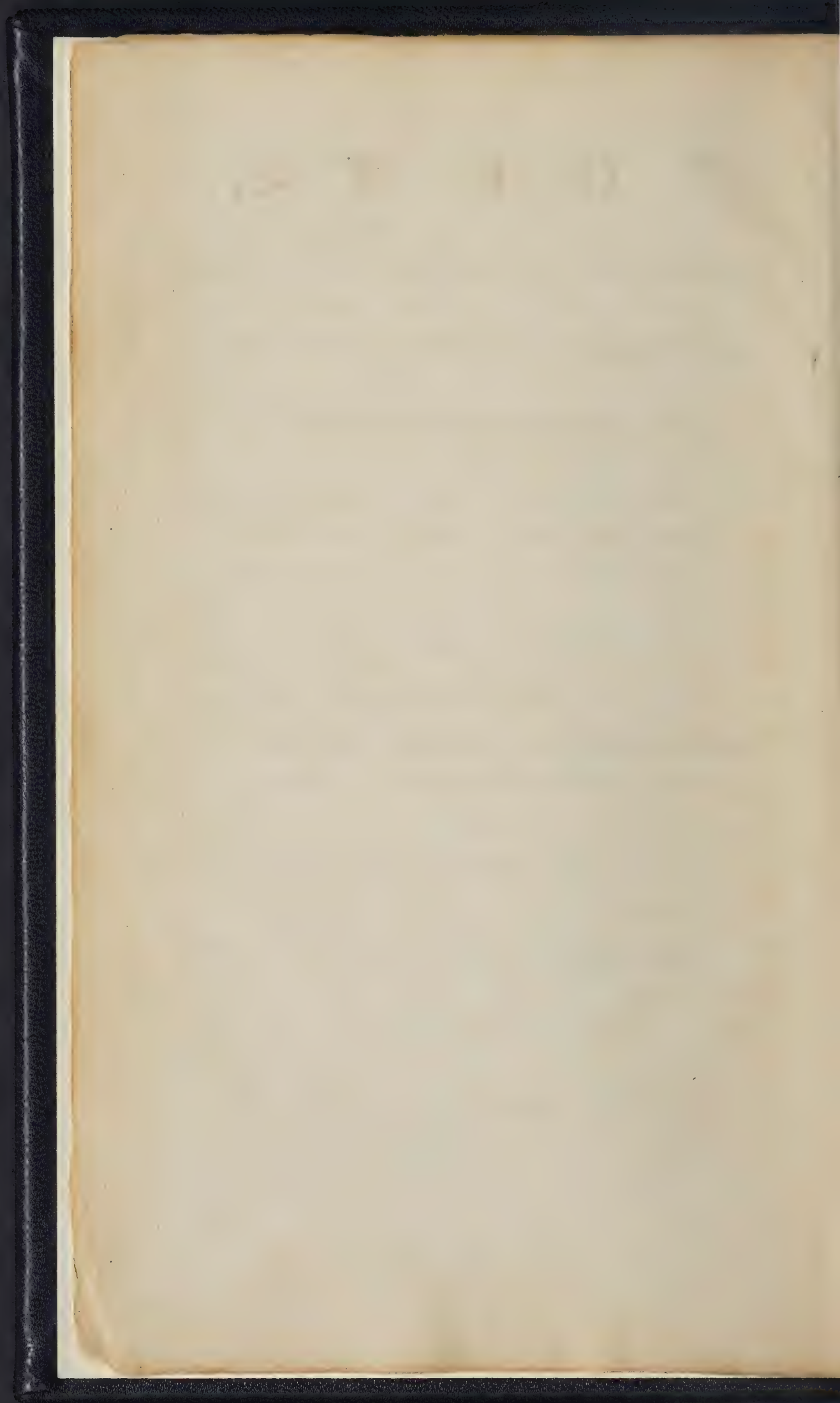
A G L O S S A R Y.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,
at the MEWS-GATE.

MDCCCLXXVII.



THE
C O N T E N T S

O F T H I S V O L U M E .

THE Preface,	— — —	p. v
Introductory Account of the Several Pieces,	—	xv
Advertisement,	— — —	xxiii
Eclogue the First,	— — —	p. 1
Eclogue the Second,	— — —	6
Eclogue the Third,	— — —	12
Elinoure and Juga,	— — —	19
Verfes to Lydgate,	— — —	23
Songe to Ælla,	— — —	ibid.
Lydgate's Answer,	— — —	26
The Tournament,	— — —	28
The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin,	—	44

Epistle to Mafstre Canynge on Ælla,	—	67
Letter to the dygne M. Canynge,	—	71
Entroduccionne,	— — —	75
Ælla; a Tragycal Enterlude,	— —	76
Goddwyn; a Tragedie. (A Fragment.)	—	173
Englysh Metamorphosis, B. 1.	— —	196
Balade of Charitie,	— —	203
Battle of Hastings, N° 1.	— —	210
Battle of Hastings, N° 2.	— —	237
Onn oure Ladies Chyrche,	— —	275
On the fame,	— — —	276
Epitaph on Robert Canynge,	— —	277
The Storie of William Canynge,	— —	278
On Happienesse, by William Canynge,	—	286
Onn Johne a Dalbenie, by the fame,	—	ibid.
The Gouler's Requiem, by the fame,	—	287
The Accounte of W. Canynge's Feast,	—	288
GLOSSARY,	— — —	289
ERRATA,	— — — —	307

P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this : “ The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redcliff church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley’s Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that

“ that the person who brought the copy
“ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of
“ age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton,
“ and whose family had been sextons of
“ Redclift church for near 150 years. His
“ father, who was now dead, had also been
“ master of the free-school in Pile-street.
“ The young man was at first very unwilling
“ to discover from whence he had the ori-
“ ginal; but, after many promises made to
“ him, he was at last prevailed on to ac-
“ knowledge, that he had received this, *toge-*
“ *ther with many other MSS,* from his father,
“ who had found them in a large chest in
“ an upper room over the chapel on the
“ north side of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his
acquaintance with young Chatterton*, and,
partly

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with
that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be
too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short
life.

partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS.

in

life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS, "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion.

In

in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William
Barrett,

In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the

Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some

question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it.”

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

of

of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August follow-

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Brislowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ing ; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions ; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness

nuinenefs ſhould ſerve to authenticate the reſt of the collection, of which no copies, older than thoſe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments ſhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceſſity follow, that the matter of them was alſo forged by him, and ſtill leſs, that all the other compositions, which he profeſſed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either caſe, the deciſion muſt finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor ſhould give an opinion upon this important queſtion ; but he rather chooſes, for many reaſons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been deſirous
that

that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT
OF THE
SEVERAL PIECES
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. "*Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*"

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*" which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
--------------------	-------

This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and*

and Fuga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley a secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

p. 23

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

Ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below*.

THE

* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. 1. *Thatt I and thee*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

Songe

THE TOURNAMENT.

p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—" *Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynnē daies of yore.*" It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastyngē*, r. *burstyngē*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varsēs*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyngē*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate* — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goc*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes* — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncyngē* — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastryngs of Hastryngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treesons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commissiion fate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“ Item *for washyng the church payven ageyns* } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude. p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entrodufionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “ Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xy, in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE. p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ To

“ To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N^o 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another,

c

the

the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N^o 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*” The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett’s repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem,

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275
ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton’s hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, “ *A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*” See the Preface, p. xi. n. *.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine*, for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolyte* by Bishop Carpenter on

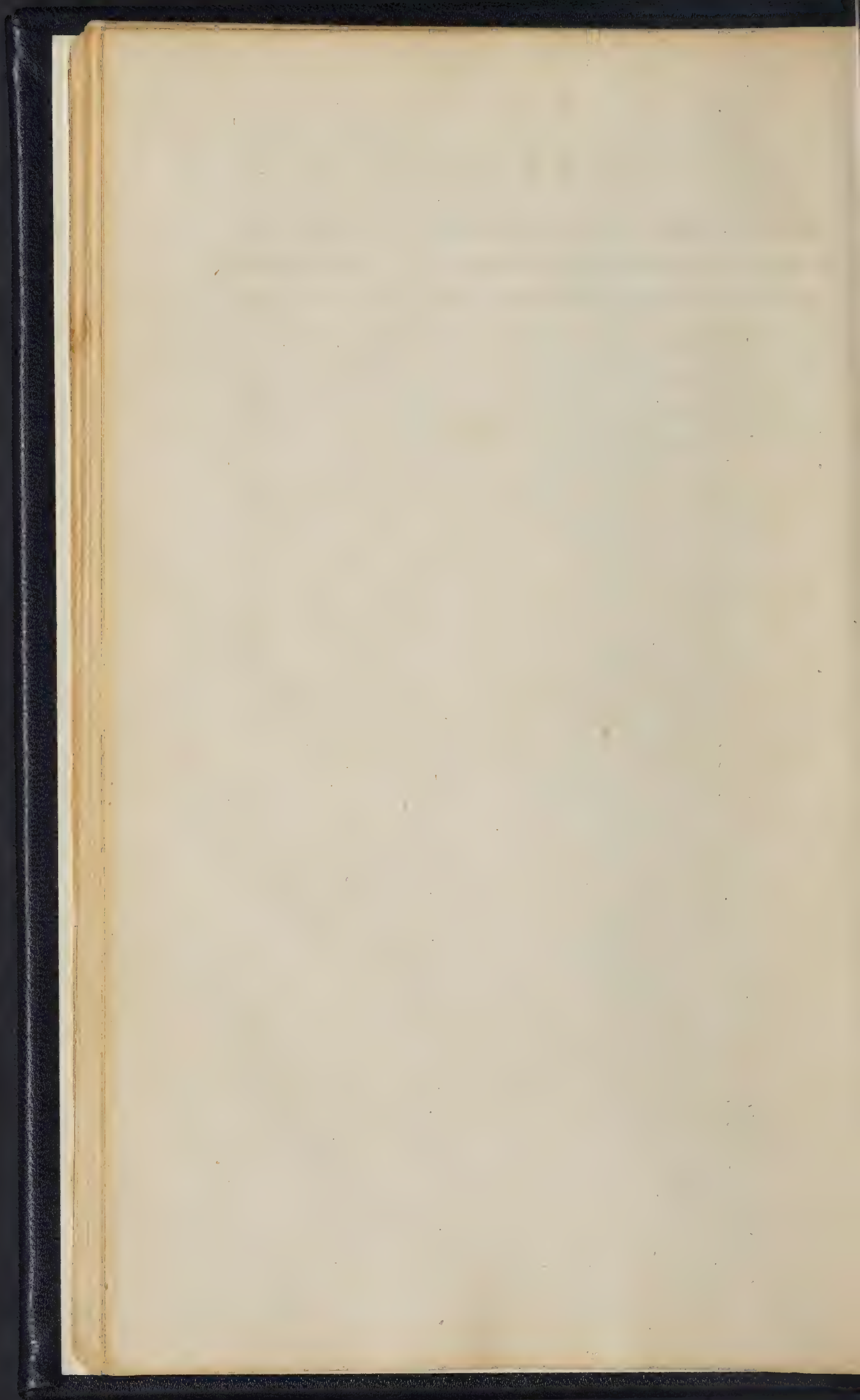
19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286
 ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.
 THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287
 THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Isclamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared

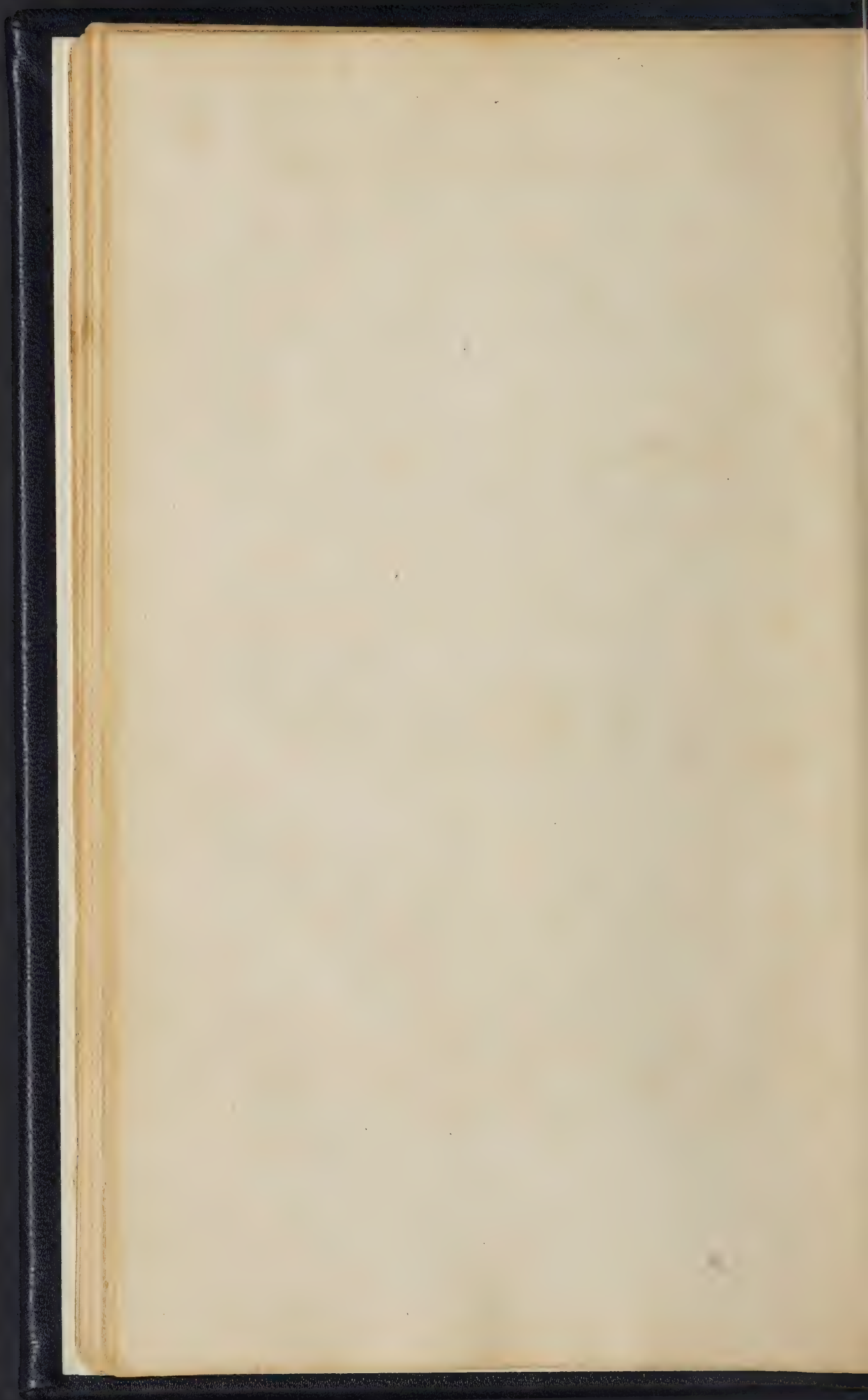
above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, “*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*” which had been pawned to him for £.160.



ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Reader is desired to observe,
that the notes at the bottom of the
several pages, throughout the following
part of this book, are all copied from
MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas
Chatterton.*

POEMS,



P O E M S, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge ¹ from her
 lethal ² wounde,
 From her galled necke dyd twytte ³ the chayne
 awaie,
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote ⁴ graie, 5
 Twayne lonelie shepsterres ⁵ dyd abrodden ⁶ flie,
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie ⁷.)
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

¹ *Smetthing*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the or̃al as above. ² deadly. ³ pluck or pull. ⁴ *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dres. ⁵ shepherds. ⁶ abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredden dyd attourne. ⁷ affright.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped ⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
 I haveth lyff, bott have escaped foe,
 That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie ⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull ¹⁰ dome of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus ¹¹ mote ¹² telle.
 Swote ¹³ flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes
 dygne ¹⁴;
 Gravots ¹⁵ far-kend ¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets ¹⁷ cell;

⁸ Added. ⁹ fad. ¹⁰ woeful, lamentable. ¹¹ the Devil. ¹² might.
¹³ sweet. ¹⁴ good, neat, genteel. ¹⁵ groves, sometimes used for a
 coppice. ¹⁶ far-seen. ¹⁷ Hermit.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The swote ribible ¹⁸ dynning ¹⁹ yn the dell; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie ²⁰ courte;
 Eke ²¹ the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte ²²:
 Impestering ²³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ²⁴ the aye ²⁵ encreasyng
 dome. 30

R O B E R T E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees ²⁶,
 Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ²⁷, and embodyde ²⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ²⁹, far spreedyng to the syghte,
 Mie cuyen ³⁰ kyne ³¹, mie bullockes stringe ³² yn
 syghte, 35
 Mie gorne ³³ emblaunched ³⁴ with the comfreie ³⁵
 plante,
 Mie floure ³⁶ Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.

¹⁸ violin. ¹⁹ sounding. ²⁰ inn, or public-house. ²¹ also. ²² pleasure. ²³ annoying. ²⁴ to keep off. ²⁵ ever, always. ²⁶ meadows.
²⁷ grafted trees. ²⁸ thick, stout. ²⁹ liberty of pasture given to the
 Parker. ³⁰ tender. ³¹ cows. ³² strong. ³³ garden. ³⁴ whitened.
³⁵ cunfrey, a favourite dish at that time. ³⁶ marygold.

4 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

I amme durreffed ³⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
 Ihanten'd ³⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie ³⁹ untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel ⁴⁰ tree,
 Whyche sleaeth ⁴¹ everichone that commeth nere,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre ⁴².
 I to bement ⁴³ haveth moe cause than thee; 45
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie ⁴⁴ fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
 And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.
 Calked ⁴⁵ from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte ⁴⁶ of mie hartes castlle ftede. 50

R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome ⁴⁷ shal bee.
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn ⁴⁸, ystorven ⁴⁹ ys;

³⁷ hardened. ³⁸ accustomed. ³⁹ abide. This line is also wrote,
 "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere" but this is modernized.
⁴⁰ deadly. ⁴¹ destroyeth, killeth. ⁴² grow. ⁴³ lament. ⁴⁴ much-
 loved, beloved. ⁴⁵ cast out, ejected. ⁴⁶ alluding to the portcullis,
 which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castlle. ⁴⁷ fate.
⁴⁸ my only son. ⁴⁹ dead.

Here

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

5

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;

A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges ⁵⁰ fledden is selyness ⁵¹, 55

Mynsterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;

Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ⁵⁵,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with
bloude.

⁵⁰ cottages. ⁵¹ happines. ⁵² monasterys. ⁵³ only. ⁵⁴ holy.
⁵⁵ complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES¹ of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle fed,
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede³ ſea doe the banners gleme⁴;
 The amenuſed⁵ nationnes be aſton⁶, 5
 To ken⁷ fyke⁸ large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breime⁹.
 The barkis heafods¹⁰ coupe¹¹ the lymed¹² ſtreme;
 Oundes¹³ ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake¹⁴
 rieſe;

The water ſlughornes¹⁵ wythe a ſwotye¹⁶ cleme¹⁷
 Conteke¹⁸ the dynnynge¹⁹ ayre, and reche the ſkies.¹⁰
 Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones²⁰ aſtedde²¹,
 Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

¹ Spirits, ſouls. ² pleaſure. ³ broad. ⁴ ſhine, glimmer. ⁵ di-
 miniſhed, leſſened. ⁶ aſtoniſhed, confounded. ⁷ ſee, diſcover, know.
⁸ ſuch, ſo. ⁹ ſtrong. ¹⁰ heads. ¹¹ cut. ¹² glaſſy, reflecting.
¹³ waves, billows. ¹⁴ oak. ¹⁵ a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a haut-
 boy. ¹⁶ ſweet. ¹⁷ ſound. ¹⁸ confuſe, contend with. ¹⁹ founding.
²⁰ thrones. ²¹ ſeated.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 7

The gule ²² depeyncted ²³ oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn ²⁴ wyth fonnes ²⁵ rare, doe shemrynge ²⁶ ryse;
 Upfwalynge ²⁷ doe heie ²⁸ shewe ynne drierie pryde, 15
 Lyche gore-red estells ²⁹ in the eve ³⁰-merk ³¹ skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted ³² shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche ³³ talle roshes on the water fyde;
 Alenge ³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte sheene ³⁵
 flyes;
 Sweft-kerv'd ³⁶ delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
 That Englonde's brondeous ³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth ³⁸ here and there, 25
 Onknowlachynge ³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie ⁴⁰.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mitte ⁴¹ crosse Jerusalem ys seene;

²² red. ²³ painted. ²⁴ carved. ²⁵ devices. ²⁶ glimmering.
²⁷ rising high, swelling up. ²⁸ they. ²⁹ a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a
 star. ³⁰ evening. ³¹ dark. ³² rebus'd shields; a herald term, when
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. ³³ like.
³⁴ along. ³⁵ shine. ³⁶ short-lived. ³⁷ furious. ³⁸ runneth. ³⁹ not
 knowing. ⁴⁰ abide. ⁴¹ mighty.

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie ⁴²,
 In balefull ⁴³ dole their faces be ywreene ⁴⁴. 30
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottres ⁴⁵, foe swyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the fydes of everich bark appere ;
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftsoones ⁴⁶ hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shielde do shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷ ;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne ;
 The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeyng gif ⁵¹ to dare,
 Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ swerde, theie seche to fraie ⁵⁴,
 theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte ;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

⁴² affright. ⁴³ woeful. ⁴⁴ covered. ⁴⁵ different kinds of boats.
⁴⁶ full soon, presently. ⁴⁷ glitter. ⁴⁸ united, assembled. ⁴⁹ running.
⁵⁰ foes. ⁵¹ if. ⁵² make ready. ⁵³ dark. ⁵⁴ engage. ⁵⁵ cease, stand
 still. ⁵⁶ a young lion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
 dyghte ⁵⁹, 45
 Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
 Amenge the drybblett ⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
 Syke funnys wayne ⁶¹ wyth amayl'd ⁶² beames doe barr
 The blaunchie ⁶³ mone or estells ⁶⁴ to gev lyghte. 50
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasauce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte ⁶⁵ affraie ⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red
 die,

Terroure, emburled ⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome ⁶⁸ flie, 55
 Enchafynge ⁶⁹ echone champyonne war to wage.
 Speeres bevyle ⁷⁰ speres; swerdes upon swerdes en-
 gage;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde;

⁵⁷ flaming. ⁵⁸ a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. ⁵⁹ deckt. ⁶⁰ finall, insignificant. ⁶¹ carr. ⁶² enameled. ⁶³ white, silver. ⁶⁴ stars. ⁶⁵ distracting. ⁶⁶ affright. ⁶⁷ armed. ⁶⁸ terribly. ⁶⁹ encouraging, heating. ⁷⁰ break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. ⁷¹ founds.

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable ⁷² all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles ⁷³ hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65
 And beereth meynthe ⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys ſeene ⁷⁵;
 The waylynge ⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene ⁷⁷,
 Doeynge ſyke marvels ⁷⁸, ſtrongers be aſton ⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kyng Rycharde maſter is;
 The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys ⁸⁰, 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ⁸¹;

⁷² blacken. ⁷³ waves. ⁷⁴ many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ ſlain.
⁷⁶ decreaſing. ⁷⁷ glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ wonders. ⁷⁹ aſtoniſhed.
⁸⁰ certainly. ⁸¹ brow.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worſchepped there,
 Twyghte ⁸² into lovyng arms, and feasted eft ⁸³;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ⁸⁴,
 Of all remembrance of paſt peyne berefte 80
 Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleaſures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel ſed, whan from the bluie ſea
 The upſwol ⁸⁵ fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Sweſte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge
 proove.

⁸² plucked, pulled. ⁸³ often. ⁸⁴ grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ ſwollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better
parte?

Goe, ferche the logges ¹ and bordels ² of the hynde ³;

Gyff ⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem ⁵ you see the blakied ⁶ forme of kynde ⁷.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge ⁸ of a mynde? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote ⁹ bee?

Woulde ytte here phraze of the vulgar from the
hynde,

Withoute wiseegger ¹⁰ wordes and knowlache ¹¹ free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge ¹²
pende;

Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

¹ lodges, huts. ² cottages. ³ servant, slave, peasant. ⁴ if.
⁵ a contraction of *them*. ⁶ naked, original. ⁷ nature. ⁸ liking.
⁹ might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its
primæval state. ¹⁰ wise-egger, a philosopher. ¹¹ knowledge
¹² sporting.

MANNE.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele ¹⁴ hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Roggerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke ¹⁵ and we'lle synge, and wylle drenche ¹⁶

of ftronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ answered. ¹⁴ aid, or help. ¹⁵ work. ¹⁶ drink.

14 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnē the Chyrche
 With birlette ¹⁷ golde,
 Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ stronge ontolde, 25
 What was shee moe than me, to be foe?

M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea;
 Ich ask whie the loverds ²⁰ son
 Is moe than mee. 30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltrie ²¹ sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ²²,
 From everich beme a seme ²³ of lyfe doe falle;
 Swythyn ²⁴ scille ²⁵ oppe the haie uponne the playne;
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ²⁶ talle.
 Thys ys alyche oure doome ²⁷; the great, the smalle, 35
 Moste withe ²⁸ and bee forwyned ²⁹ by deathis darte.
 See! the fwote ³⁰ flourette ³¹ hathe noe fwote at alle;
 Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle ³² parte.

¹⁷ a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. ¹⁸ gilded.
¹⁹ borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either
 metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. ²⁰ lord.
²¹ fultry. ²² ear. ²³ feed. ²⁴ quickly, presently. ²⁵ gather.
²⁶ grow. ²⁷ fate. ²⁸ a contraction of wither. ²⁹ dried. ³⁰ sweet.
³¹ flower. ³² equal.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 15

The cravent ³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente ³⁴,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bemente ³⁵.40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon ³⁶, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preeftschype nowe faye unto mee ;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee
Bee more greate, 45
Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate ?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne ³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie ³⁸ loke arounde the chaper ³⁹ delle ⁴⁰;
An answere to thie barganette ⁴¹ here see,
Thys welked ⁴² flourette wylle a lefon telle: 50
Arist ⁴³ it blew ⁴⁴, itte florished, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge ascaunce ⁴⁵ upon the naighboure greene ;
Yet with the deigned ⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome ⁴⁷ felle,
Eftsoones ⁴⁸ ytte shronke upon the daie-brente ⁴⁹ playne,

³³ coward. ³⁴ ceased, dead, no more. ³⁵ lament. ³⁶ a manner of asking a favour. ³⁷ turn. ³⁸ carefully, with circumspection. ³⁹ dry, fun-burnt. ⁴⁰ valley. ⁴¹ a song, or ballad. ⁴² withered. ⁴³ arisen, or arose. ⁴⁴ blossomed. ⁴⁵ disdainfully. ⁴⁶ disdained. ⁴⁷ glory. ⁴⁸ quickly. ⁴⁹ burnt.

16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke⁵⁹ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds⁵¹ ente⁵²
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea⁵³;
Gyf thou has ethe⁵⁴, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe⁵⁵, theres none moe haile⁵⁶ yan
thee. 60

Thou wurchest⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Coudest thou the kivercled⁵⁸ of foughlys⁵⁹ see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones⁶⁰ see trothe ynne whatte I
saie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

M A N N E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne⁶¹,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne⁶². 70

⁵⁹ such. ⁵¹ lord's. ⁵² a purse or bag. ⁵³ flay. ⁵⁴ ease. ⁵⁵ truth.
⁵⁶ happy. ⁵⁷ workest. ⁵⁸ the hidden or secret part of. ⁵⁹ souls.
⁶⁰ full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ car. ⁶² two.

I followe

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

17

I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb⁶³ of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh !
Itte lacketh notte to telle ;
Syre Preeſte mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.

75

I daunce the beſte heiedeygnes⁶⁴,
And foile⁶⁵ the wyfeſt feygnes⁶⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynſtrelle⁶⁷ am I ſeene,

80

All a footeygne it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh ! I wyſhe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whoſe unliſte⁶⁸ braunces⁶⁹ rechen far toe fyghte ;
Whan fuired⁷⁰ unwers⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,
Itte ſhaketh deere⁷² yn dole⁷³ and moke affryghte.

85

⁶³ a bottle. ⁶⁴ a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.
⁶⁵ baffle. ⁶⁶ a corruption of *ſeints*. ⁶⁷ a minſtrel is a muſician.
⁶⁸ unbounded. ⁶⁹ branches. ⁷⁰ furious. ⁷¹ tempeſts, ſtorms.
⁷² dire. ⁷³ diſmay.

C

Whyleſt

Whylest the congeon ⁷⁴ flowrette abessie ⁷⁵ dyghte ⁷⁶,
Stonde the unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁷ bie the storme : 90
Syke is a picte ⁷⁸ of lyffe : the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chast ⁷⁹, hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydste
munte.

⁷⁴ dwarf. ⁷⁵ humility. ⁷⁶ decked. ⁷⁷ unhurt. ⁷⁸ picture.
⁷⁹ tempest-beaten.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne¹ bank twa pynyng May-
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;

Echone bementynge² for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge³
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed⁵ the quyvryng
brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie⁶ plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte⁷ in stele ;

O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;

¹ Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. ² lamenting. ³ murdering. ⁴ faintly. ⁵ glistened.

⁶ sad complaint. ⁷ arrayed, or cased.

See! fee! upon the ground he bleedyng lies;
 Inhild⁸ some joice⁹ of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

J U G A.

Syfters in forrowe, on thys daife-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
 Lyche levynde¹⁰ okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forletten¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gafflie mitches¹² holde the traine of fryghte¹³, 20
 Where lethale¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the mifkynette¹⁵ fhall wake the morne,
 The minftrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie; 25
 I'll feke the forefte alle the lyve-longe daie;

⁸ infuse. ⁹ juice. ¹⁰ blafted. ¹¹ forfaken. ¹² ruins.
¹³ fear. ¹⁴ deadly or deathboding. ¹⁵ a fmall bagpipe.
¹⁶ in a confined fenfe, a bufh or hedge, though fometimes ufed as a
 foreft.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. 21

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche ¹⁷ glebe wyll
goe,

And to the passante Spryghtes lecture ¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie ¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden ²⁰ Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selyness ²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a
spryte

Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dysstraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
thoughte. 45

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ²² ryver, on thie linche ²³ maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie waterres
flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

¹⁷ church-yard. ¹⁸ relate. ¹⁹ black. ⁴⁰ decreafing. ²¹ happines.
²² glassy. ²³ bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the
plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees ²⁴, 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were
slayne,
Distraughte ²⁵ theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and
dyde.

²⁴ meeds. ²⁴ distracted.

To JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde
hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiose stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thoufandes of Dacyanns went;
Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne;

Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede,
 Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd fpeeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure ftaulke arounde
 Embattel'd Bryftowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Caſtle ſteeres;

Orr fierye round the mynſterr glare;
 Lette Bryftowe ſtylle be made thie care;
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & confumynge fyre;
 Lyche Avones ſtreme enſyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN
LADGATE, a Priest in London; and sent to
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe*
of *Ælla*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,
And thus an answeerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Aflod to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chauçer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne theſe mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys ſheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs
founde;

The courferrs lyffe ¹ about the menfuredd ² fielde;

The fhemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;

Quayntyffed ² fons ³ depictedd ⁴ onn eche sheelde.

The feerie ⁵ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde ^{6,5}

Supportes the rampynge lyoncell ⁷ orr beare,

Wythe ftraunge depyctures ⁸, Nature maie nott
yeelde,

Unfeemelie to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte ⁹ to menne, who thyncke and have a
fpryte ¹⁰,

Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

¹ sport, or play. ² bounded, or measured. ³ curiously devised.

³ fancys or devices. ⁴ painted, or displayed. ⁵ fiery.

⁶ ornamented, enameled. ⁷ a young lion. ⁸ drawings paint-

ings. ⁹ that. ¹⁰ foul.

I, Sonne

THE TOURNAMENT. 29

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer ¹¹ of her joies,
 Must swythen ¹² goe to yeve ¹³ the speeres arounde,
 Wythe advantayle ¹⁴ & borne ¹⁵ I meynthe ¹⁶ emploie,
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfteth rounde; 15
 Soe the neshe ¹⁷ flowerr grees ¹⁸ ynne the woodeland
 shade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
 Wydoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.
 As ynn the bowke ¹⁹ nete ²⁰ alleyn ²¹ cann bee donne,
 Syke ²² ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
 onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTonne.

Herawde ²³, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
 Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁴ hath grete mie fyghte.
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25
 I lacke a Guid ²⁵, a Wyllyamm ²⁶ to entylte.

¹¹ dispenser. ¹² quickly. ¹³ give. ¹⁴ armer. ¹⁵ burnish.
²⁰ many. ¹⁷ young, weak, tender. ¹⁸ grows. ¹² body. ²⁶ nothing.
²¹ alone. ²² fo. ²³ herald. ²⁹ a contraction of *them*.
²⁵ *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.
²⁶ William Rufus.

30 THE TOURNAMENT.

To reine ²⁷ anente ²⁸ a fele ²⁹ embodidd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome ³⁰ gyff hys blodde bee fpylte.
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here ;
I lyche nott unthylle ³¹ thus to wielde the speare. 30

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer flugghornes ³² dynn ³³ fromm
farre.

BOURTONE.

Ah ! fwythenn ³⁴ mie shielde & tylynge launce bee
bounde ³⁵.

Eftsoones ³⁶ beheste ³⁷ mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte ³⁸ of menne
astounde ;

Harde bee yer shappe ³⁹ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte ;

²⁷ run. ²⁸ against. ²⁹ feeble. ³⁰ honour, glory. ³⁵ uselefs.
³² a kind of claryon. ³³ found. ³⁴ quickly. ³⁵ ready. ³⁶ soon.
³⁷ command. ³⁸ most. ³⁹ fate, or doom.

Anenst

THE TOURNAMENT. 31

Anenst ⁴⁰ all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴¹.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche nothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴² eche
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR
 KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND
 SERVYTOURS ⁴³.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁴³; yee mynstrelles tune the frynge,
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie ⁴⁴ hadd knite ⁴⁵,

⁴⁰ against ⁴¹ pitched, or bent down. ⁴² drink.
⁴³ servants, attendants. ⁴³ song, or ballad. ⁴⁴ activity. ⁴⁵ .

Sneltt ⁴⁶ oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
 aborne ⁴⁷, 45
 Behefteynge ⁴⁸ all hys hommageres ⁴⁹ to fyghte.
 Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted ⁵⁰ denne,
 Lett thie floes ⁵¹ drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
 Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd ⁵²
 plies ⁵³; 50
 Loude dynns ⁵⁴ the arrowe ynn the wolffynn's eare;
 Hee ryfeth battent ⁵⁵, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
 Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,
 Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-
 drenn flea.

Throwe the merke ⁵⁶ shade of twistynde trees hee
 rydes; 55
 The flemed ⁵⁷ owlett ⁵⁸ flapps herr eve-speckte ⁵⁹ wynges;
 The lordynge ⁶⁰ toade ynn all hys pass'es bides;
 The berten ⁶¹ neders ⁶² att hymm darte the stynges;

⁴⁶ bent. ⁴⁷ burnished. ⁴⁸ commanding. ⁴⁹ servants. ⁵⁰ hidden.
⁵¹ arrows. ⁵² worked with iron. ⁵³ bends. ⁵⁴ sounds. ⁵⁵ loudly.
⁵⁶ dark, or gloome. ⁵⁷ & ⁵⁸ frightened owl. ⁵⁹ marked with evening dew.
⁶⁰ standing on their hind legs. ⁶¹ venomous. ⁶² adders.

THE TOURNAMENT. 33

Styll, styll, hee passēs onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie ⁶³ countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn ⁶⁴ doth rayse hymselfe dis-
traughte ⁶⁵,

He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65
Lette thie flos ⁶⁶ drenche the blood of anie thyng
botte menn.

Wythe passent ⁶⁷ steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge ⁶⁸ thonderr
stronge;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorth the fendes. 70
Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle ⁶⁹ drie fromm blodde of odherr
menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers ⁷⁰ as sweste doe afterr flie.

⁶³ hot, sultry. ⁶⁴ sound, noise. ⁶⁵ distracted. ⁶⁶ arrows.
⁶⁷ walking leisurely. ⁶⁸ rolling. ⁶⁹ arrow. ⁷⁰ horse courfers.

34 THE TOURNAMENT.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
 Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones ⁷¹ doth die.
 Forflagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
 Lett thie flocs drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe
 alyne ⁷².
 The stagge ys ouch'd ⁷³ wythe crownes of lillie
 flowerrs. 80
 Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe en-
 twyne ;
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
 Forflagenn wyth thie floc lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredrenn
 flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie ⁷⁴; who wylle fyrſte
 affraie ⁷⁵? 85

⁷¹ full ſoon. ⁷² acroſs his ſhoulders. ⁷³ garlands of flowers being
 put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a
 chain, worn by earls round their necks. ⁷⁴ Turnament. ⁷⁵ fight, or
 encounter.

H E-

THE TOURNAMENT. 35

HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁷⁶ honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake ⁷⁷ thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁷⁸ onn mie gaberdyne ⁷⁹.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull ⁸⁰ challenge, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁸¹,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. 90

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie ⁸² the tylterrs joyne!

⁷⁶ that. ⁷⁷ dispute. ⁷⁸ glove. ⁷⁹ a piece of armour. ⁸⁰ lawful.
⁸¹ worthy. ⁸² furiously.

Yee champyones, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd ⁸³, affayle ⁸⁴ hymm, yee
knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente ⁸⁵ hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; ⁹⁵
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁸⁶ scethe ⁸⁷
Before I doe departe the liffedd ⁸⁸ fielde,
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe ⁸⁹.
Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ⁹⁰.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie
foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
fmethe ⁹¹;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ⁹².

⁸³ vanquished. ⁸⁴ oppose. ⁸⁵ against. ⁸⁶ much.
⁸⁷ damage, mischief. ⁸⁸ bounded. ⁸⁹ bleed. ⁹⁰ easy. ⁹¹ smoke.
⁹² hurt, or damage.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
 Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
 sheeld.

B E R G H A M M E.

I take the challenge; squire, mie launce and stede. 105
 I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
 Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede⁹³;
 Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie⁹⁴;
 Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possese the daie,
 Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 120
 Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
 De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

C L I N T O N.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende⁹⁵; I doe thee fie⁹⁶.
 Lyche forreying⁹⁷ levynn⁹⁸, schalle mie tylte-launce
 flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

⁹³ reward. ⁹⁴ fight or engage. ⁹⁵ attend or wait. ⁹⁶ defy.
⁹⁷ & ⁹⁸ destroying lightening.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure⁹⁹ thie beeveredd¹⁰⁰
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este¹⁰¹ doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne¹⁰² begynne, and wrynn¹⁰³ thie shappe¹⁰⁴
orr myne ;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes ; gyff corteous¹⁰⁵
heie¹⁰⁶,

Ytt welle beseies¹⁰⁷ to yeve¹⁰⁸ hemm ryghte of
fraie¹⁰⁹.

⁹⁹ turn. ¹⁰⁰ beaver'd. ¹⁰¹ again. ¹⁰² quickly. ¹⁰³ declare.
¹⁰⁴ fate. ¹⁰⁵ worthy. ¹⁰⁶ they. ¹⁰⁷ becomes. ¹⁰⁸ give. ¹⁰⁹ fyght.

FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme ¹²⁵
 The rennome ¹¹⁰ ynn thys Tourneie ¹¹¹ forr to tylte;
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents ¹¹² owre goode
 name,
 Bewrynnynge ¹¹³ thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? ¹³⁰
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,
 and bee everichone ¹¹⁴ overthrowne.]*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the felde
 Ycrafedd ¹¹⁵ speres and helmetts bee besprente ¹¹⁶,
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd ¹¹⁷
 sheeld,
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
 stente ¹¹⁸,

¹¹⁰ honour. ¹¹¹ Tournament. ¹¹² cowards. ¹¹³ declaring.

¹¹⁴ every one. ¹¹⁵ broken, spilt. ¹¹⁶ scatter'd.

¹¹⁷ broken, or pierced through with darts. ¹¹⁸ stained.

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.

Albeyttee hee wythe lowes ¹¹⁹ of fyre ybrente ¹²⁰,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹²¹ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹²² hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall
fall

Anethe ¹²³ the stronge push of mie straught ¹²⁴ out
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie ¹²⁵ chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹²⁶ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹²⁷; I champyonn ¹²⁸ you to
warre.

Sounde, founde the flughornes, to bee hearde fromm
farre. 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

¹¹⁹ flames. ¹²⁰ burnt. ¹²¹ healm. ¹²² beneath. ¹²³ against.
¹²⁴ stretched out. ¹²⁵ holy. ¹²⁶ faithfully. ¹²⁷ ready. ¹²⁸ challenge.

THE TOURNAMENT. 41

K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente ;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments ¹²⁹
fynges ;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente ¹³⁰ ;

To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte ;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee
shente ¹³¹ ;

Hee joustedd, alleine ¹³² havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrelles, found the strynge, goe onn eche
fyde,

Whyleft hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹²⁹ atchievements, glorious actions.

¹³⁰ broken spears.

¹³¹ broke, destroyed. ¹³² only, alone.

M Y N.

42 THE TOURNAMENT.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge ¹³³ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,

Dydd the merke ¹³⁴ woode of ethe ¹³⁵ and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vysage wathedd the bloude,

Hylte ¹³⁶ hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne shee swotelie ¹³⁷ hymm dydd
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn ¹³⁸ everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge ¹³⁹ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁴⁰, 175

Lyche the merk ¹⁴¹-plante doe entwyne.

¹³³ smoaking, steaming.

¹³⁴ dark, gloomy.

¹³⁵ ease.

¹³⁶ hid, secreted. ¹³⁷ sweetly. ¹³⁸ moulded. ¹³⁹ shooting, darting.

¹⁴⁰ grasp, hold. ¹⁴¹ night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
 Onknowlachynge ¹⁴² ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
 Thys rule yspende ¹⁴³, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
 Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-
 hynde. 180

¹⁴² ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁴³ confider.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:
OR THE DETHE OF
SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne :

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes 5
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokyng throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe ! 10
"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall furelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15

“ Hee leaves thys mortall state.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES!” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye, 30

“ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt furelie die.”

“ Wee

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35

“ Thanke JESU, I’m prepar’d:

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’d sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.” 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddynefs

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace

“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge,” “ Youre tale speke out,

“ You have been much oure friende; 50

“ Whatever youre request may bee,

“ Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 47

“ My nobile liege ! alle my request

“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,

“ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

“ He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spouse and children twaine,

“ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;

“ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett

“ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”

“ The kynge ynne furie sayde ;

“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,

“ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

“ And hee shalle have hys meede :

“ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng else

“ Att present doe you neede ?”

“ My nobile leige !” goode CANYNGE sayde,

“ Leave justice to our Godde. 70

“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

“ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were fynners grete ;

“ CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne,

75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ 'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wylle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

“ Has scorn'd my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile liege ! the trulie brave

“ Wylle val'rous actions prize,

90

“ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

“ Altho' ynne enemies.”

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 49

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! By Godde ynne Heav’n

“ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

“ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95

“ Whilst thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav’n,

“ Thys funne shall be hys laste.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES ; 105

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;

“ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul

“ Runns overr att thyne eye ; 110

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye ?”

E

Quod

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,

"Thatt thou foe soone must dye,

"And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe; 115

"'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye

"From godlie fountaines sprynge;

"Dethe I despise, and alle the power

"Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means

"I shall resigne my lyfe,

"The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde

"For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne, 125

"Thys was appointed mee;

"Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge

"Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,

"Whan thousands dy'd arounde; 130

"Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode

"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe

" How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
 " Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 " Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135
 " And clofe myne eyes for aie ?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 " Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?
 " Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
 " Bee alle the manne display'd. 140

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,
 " And guarde thee and thye sonne,
 " Yff 'tis hys wylle ; but yff 'tis nott,
 " Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
 " To serve Godde and mye prynce ;
 " And thatt I no tyme-ferver am,
 " My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 " Of parents of grete note; 150
 " My fadre dydd a nobile armes
 " Emblazon onne hys cote :

E 2

I make

*Thou knowest of best bestow'd or not
 And let thy will be done.
 Popes unio Prayer*

" I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone

" Where soone I hope to goe;

" Where wee for ever shall bee blest,

155

" From oute the reech of woe :

" Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore :

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe

165

" I have hys wordyes kept;

" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne ?

“ Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe ;
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people ! rewyn’d londe !
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;
 “ Whye RICHARD’S sonnes exalt themselves,
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185
 “ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 “ For those of bloude and peyne ?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a fledde bee drawne,
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190
 “ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Syr CHARLES hee herde the horsfes feete 215
 A prauncyng onne the grounde;

And just before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

" Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ? 225
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

" 'Tys butt a journie I fhalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blyffe; 230
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

" Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyng ! 235

" My herte ys welle nyghe broke ;

" Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wilt thou goe,
" Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

* " The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

" Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd faie ;

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

" Truste thou ynne Godde above,

" And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

" And ynne theyre hertes hym love ;

" Teache them to runne the nobile race

" Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

" FLORENCE ! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu !

" Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne

* *For on the Rope that hangs my Dear
Depends poor Pollie's Life
Beggars Opera.*

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 "Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—255
 Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyngge ynne the funne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
 Appeared to the fyghte, 270
 Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge HENRIES friends
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
 Drawnt onne a clothe-layde fledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;
 And theyre attending menne echone, 295
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme fynne,
 " Washe mye soule clean thys daie !"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe fat 305
 The kynge ynne mycle state,
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,
 Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou

" Thou feest mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

" Expos'd to infamie ;

" Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne !

315

" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

" Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

" And hast appoynted mee to dye,

" By power nott thyne owne.

320

" Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie ;

" I have beene dede 'till nowe,

" And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

" For aie uponne my browe :

" Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares,

325

" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !

" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the fledde.

Kyrge

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 61

Kynge EDWARDE's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335
Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

“ To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe
“ Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,
“ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
“ Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! 340

“ Soe lett hym die !” Duke RICHARD fayde ;
“ And maye echone oure foes
“ Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
“ And feede the carryon crowes.”

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre 350
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you fee mee dye,

“ For ferynge loyally mye kynge, 355

“ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,

“ Whenne ynne aduersitye ;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Befeechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partynge foule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys heede

Most seemlie onne the blocke ; 370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke :

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 63

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

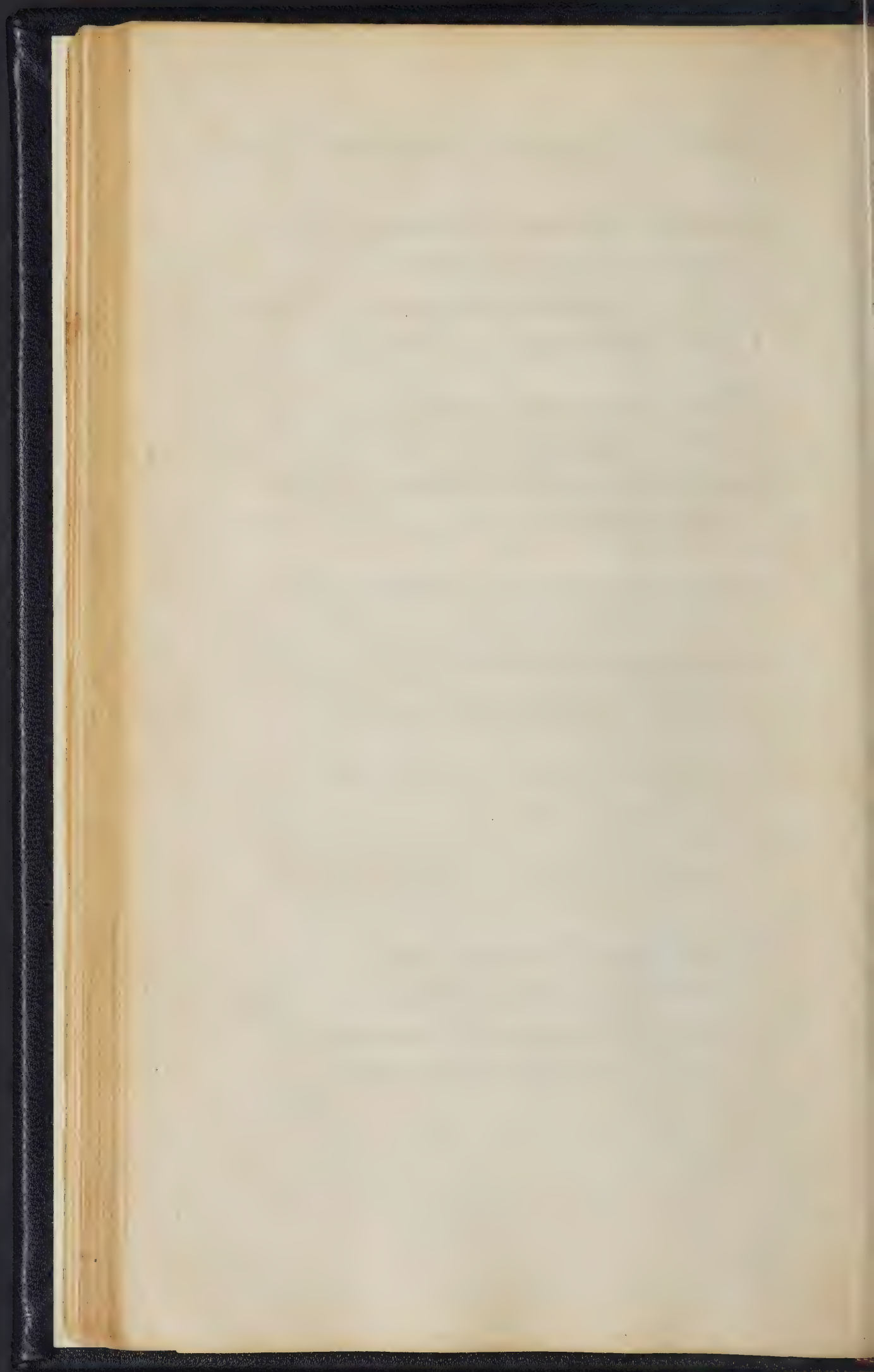
The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kyng, 390
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syng!

Æ L L A :



Æ L L A:

A
TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,
OR
DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,
WROTENN BIE
THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE
MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE
THE RODDE LODGE;
[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN
HOWARD.]

F

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auſthoure.*

CELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

HURRA, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

BIRTHA, *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

TYS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt ¹ herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym ;
Lyche peyncted ³ tyltynge ſpeares to pleaſe the fyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke ⁴
dere ⁵, 5
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deſtlye ⁶ delyghte the care.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte eſte ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher fyde ;
In hallie ⁹ preeſte apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,
Inne lithie ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde : 10
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere ¹² widhout teethe,
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel
ſcathe ¹³.

¹ hid, concealed. ² law. ³ painted. ⁴ much. ⁵ hurt, damage.

⁶ ſweetly. ⁷ cauſe. ⁸ oft. ⁹ holy. ¹⁰ rake, lewd perſon.

¹¹ humble. ¹² adder. ¹³ hurt, damage.

68 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore ¹⁴,
 Kenns ¹⁵ Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,
 Pyghtethe ¹⁶ hys knowlachynge ¹⁷ ten yeres or more, ¹⁵
 To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyfed,
 The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem ¹⁸ synges ;
 Can preache so wele, eche hynde ¹⁹ hys meneynge
 knowes ; 20
 Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
 Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
 Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
 Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, hufwyfes, and unlored ²⁰ dames, 25
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.
 Loughe ²¹ loudlie dynneth ²² from the dolte ²³
 adrames ²⁴ ;
 He fwelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes ²⁵ hem foe.

¹⁴ learning. ¹⁵ knows. ¹⁶ plucks or tortures. ¹⁷ knowledge.
¹⁸ a service used over the dead. ¹⁹ peasant. ²⁰ unlearned. ²¹ laugh.
²² sounds. ²³ foolish. ²⁴ churls. ²⁵ knows.

Sommetyme

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped ²⁶ fage ²⁷ fomme hard-drayned water
brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde ²⁸ hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute sence fulle groffyingelye ²⁹ he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³⁰ you neere be-
gonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possels,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynthe ³¹ of faultes, be
les. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I fende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-
true.

²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly. ³⁰ if.
³¹ many.

70 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³² tales I holde unmeete ;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe ;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie ³³ mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient
signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE
CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
oures,

Nete ³⁵ butte a bare recytalle can hav place ;
Nowe shapelie poesie haft losse yttes powers,
And pynant hyfforie ys onlie grace ;
Heie ³⁶ pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate ³⁷,
Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie ³⁸, ryse yn estate,

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great granfieres
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett fyke ³⁹ thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure ;

³³ nought. ³⁶ they. ³⁷ esteem. ³⁸ heraldry. ³⁹ fuch.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
 Shee nillynge ⁴⁰ to take myckle ⁴¹ aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunse upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede ⁴² aboute;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20
 Eke, gyf ⁴³ ynto a vew percase ⁴⁴ I tooke
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem ⁴⁵ al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes ⁴⁶, gyff I saie, onwise 25
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie ⁴⁷
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenused ⁴⁸ thoughtes of poesie;
 Somme drybblette ⁴⁹ share you shoulde to yatte ⁵⁰ alyse ⁵¹,
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
 You onn a rouncy ⁵² dryve yn dolefull course.

⁴⁰ unwilling. ⁴¹ much. ⁴² wisdom, council. ⁴³ if. ⁴⁴ perchance.
⁴⁵ them. ⁴⁶ Greybeards. ⁴⁷ curiously. ⁴⁸ lessened. ⁴⁹ small.
⁵⁰ that. ⁵¹ allow. ⁵² cart-horse.

Cannynges

LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 73

Cannyng & I from common course dyffente;
 Wee ryde the ftede, botte yev to hym the reene;
 Ne wylle betweene crafed molteryng bookes be pente, 35
 Botte foare on hyghe, & yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
 And where wee kenn somme ishad ⁵³ floures besprente,
 We take ytte, & from ould roust doe ytte clene;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes foare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie ⁵⁴ bewryen ⁵⁵,
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age so fore,
 A keppe ned poyntelle ⁵⁶ restyng at eche lyne.
 Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more, 45
 An onlist ⁵⁷ lecturn ⁵⁸, and a songe adygne ⁵⁹;
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytt mozte bee yttes owne defense;
 Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear. 50

⁵³ broken. ⁵⁴ elegantly. ⁵⁵ declared, expressed.
⁵⁶ a pen, used metaphorically, as a muse or genius. ⁵⁷ boundless.
⁵⁸ subject. ⁵⁹ nervous, worthy of praise

Canyng

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sence ;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu ! I do you greete from hence ;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere ;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie, 55
Hee wysche you healthe & felineffe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE,

ENTRO-

ENTROUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherifaunei ⁶⁰ 'tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced ⁶¹ theyre londe from
 bayne ⁶²,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne ⁶³ everych steyne, 5
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels ⁶⁴ geafonne ⁶⁵ to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys ⁶⁶ castell ⁶⁷ stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
 Then feel'd ⁶⁸ hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To saie what he, as clergyond ⁶⁹, can kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

⁶⁰ comfort. ⁶¹ preserved. ⁶² ruin. ⁶³ inter. ⁶⁴ jewels. ⁶⁵ rare.
⁶⁶ Britol. ⁶⁷ castle. ⁶⁸ closed. ⁶⁹ taught.

Æ L L A.

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites ¹ of goulde,
Mee, happelès mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myfchaunces
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie, dydde Nature frame thee fayre ? ⁵
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle ² canne bewreene ³ ?
Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are ?—
Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage
fheene,

Yatt fhemres onn thie comelie femlykeene ⁴,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde, 10

¹ robes, mantels. ² a pen. ³ exprefs. ⁴ countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene ⁵,
 Syke ⁶ woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage fprede.
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee ftomm hys moſte
 parte.

And cann I lyve to fee herr wythe anere ⁷! 15
 Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
 And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes ⁸ wyll ſlea.
 Affyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
 To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie ⁹ friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie priefte dyd make me knyghte,
 Bleſſynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd ¹⁰ Dane ſhoulde blede,
 Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁵ covered. ⁶ ſuch. ⁷ another. ⁸ at once. ⁹ mighty.
¹⁰ hardy, valorous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer foule;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure ¹¹ as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the foule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede ¹² vowe:
 Now hallie Ælla's felyneffe ys grate;
 Shap ¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate ¹⁴.

B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, fyke a joie ys myne; 35
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne foe faie,
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie ¹⁵;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
 yblente ¹⁶, 40

¹¹ violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate. ¹⁴ lessen, decrease.
¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded.

A TRAGYCAL ENTÉRLUDE. 79

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes ¹⁷ of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie fwote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moſte faiefullie to mee:

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte, 45
Whanne deysde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres ¹⁸,
Awhylyſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaſte,
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all cares.
Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Aleſt a daygnous ¹⁹ looke to thee be ſente, 50
And offrendes ²⁰ made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe ſcarpes ²¹ of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente ²²;
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed ²³ to mee,
I faie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe, 55
Thie gentlenes doth corven them foe grete,
Lyche bawſyn ²⁴ olyphauntes ²⁵ mie gnattes doe
ſhewe;

Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate ²⁶.

¹⁷ lights, rays.

¹⁸ fellows, equals.

¹⁹ diſdainful.

²⁰ preſents, offerings.

²¹ ſcarfs.

²² robes of ſcarlet.

²³ bounded.

²⁴ large.

²⁵ elephants.

²⁶ deſtroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte ²⁷ the rolle of fate,
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie fwete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes ²⁸ soe smalle; 65

As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;

For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,

Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70

Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;

A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde ²⁹ kenne
 To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
 menne.

²⁷ stretched. ²⁸ services. ²⁹ memory, understanding.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75
Oft maie the moone, yn fylver ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo
bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbeſ of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe
ſtronge, 85
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

G

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepfterr ³⁰ fwayne;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre ³¹, I wylle go,
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³²,
 Lyche the fylver-footed doe,
 Seekeynge fhelterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
 Here we'lle fyttre, yn dewie danke;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

³⁰ Shepherd. ³¹ deceiver. ³² meadows.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erſte mie grandame ſaie,
Yonge damoyſelles ſchulde ne bee, 100
Inne the ſwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle ³³ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ³⁴, greie morn larke, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlie ³⁵,
Tellynge lecturnyes ³⁶ to mee,
Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

³³ The black-bird. ³⁴ Gold-finch. ³⁵ loudly. ³⁶ lectures.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene
 Pied daifies, kyng-coppes fwote;
 Alle wee fee, bie non bee feene,
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche ³⁷.
 Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

115

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie;
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

120

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and fynge to lovyng ayres;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

125

³⁷ Apparel.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
Tyll fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempe mee ne to the foule thyng;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes³⁸, thos honde yn honde, 140
Unto diviniftre³⁹ goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

³⁸ At once.

³⁹ a divine.

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E.

* We wylle ynn a bordelle ⁴⁰ lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
 * Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer syngeyne now;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynges telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

⁴⁰ A cottage.
 * What tho no grants of royal donors
 As the pompous Titles grace our blood M Y N.
 We'll shine in more substantial honours
 * And to be noble well be good.
 Winifreda a Ballad.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde⁴¹, we have; and, gyff you please, wille
fyngge, 151

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the ftrynge,
And fret ⁴², and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle ftrayne owre wytte and fyngge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddyngge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh ⁴³ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁴¹ Lord. ⁴² stretch. ⁴³ tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne ftraughte,¹
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheftlyng dynne
 ys broughte. 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie welkynne fheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the aleftake Mynftrells fynge the fonge;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwyne;
 I laie mee onn the graſſe; yette, to mie wylle, 170
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe fomethynge ftylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyſe,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
 Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleaſaunce lyes;
 As Inſtrumetes of joie were made the kynde. 175
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and ſee
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

THYRDE

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 89

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake ⁴⁴ and sonne-brente doe
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lese,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, 180
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde; 185
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme
care.

⁴⁴ Naked.

SECONDE

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde; 190

Angelles alleyne fromme chafe ⁴⁵ desyre bee free;

Dheere ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylyd bee;

Ne feyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
tere ⁴⁶,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne
fayre: 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desyre;

Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttle fyre;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205

⁴⁵ Hot.

⁴⁶ health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee swythyn⁴⁷ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marriage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was
knyttynge, 210
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married !

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cheryfauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnyng,
I styлле wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnyng.

⁴⁷ Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann fwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes wae chacynge,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente
 shee; 230
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
 There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped ⁴⁸ jeaste;
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

⁴⁸ Laughable.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spoufe-feafte goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted⁴⁹ everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coafte ;
Lyche fcolles of locufte, cafte oppe bie the fea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoafte, 240
Are ragyng, to be quansed⁵⁰ bie none botte thee ;
Haſte, ſwyfte as Levynne to theſe royners flee :
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haſte ſwythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecefterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haſte, haſte, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes ſpace tenne thouſand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Befhrew thee for thie newes ! I moſte be gon,
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne !
Thos from dyſportyſmente to warr to ron, 250
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne !

⁴⁹ Drowned.

⁵⁰ Stilled, quenched.

B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre. 255

Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesstes
 to eate?

O mie upswalynge ⁵¹ harte, whatt wordes can saie
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie foule ybrente?
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie, 260
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
 And for a bodykyn ⁵² a swarthe obteyne? 265

⁵¹ Swelling.⁵² Body, substance.

O! whie,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 95

O! whie, yee feynctes, opprefs yee thos mie fowle?
How fhalle I fpeke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde, lett me faie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counfelle faie; 271
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen ⁵³ faie;
The foemenn, everych honde-poync̃te, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the fpeere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the fabbataners goe aboute. 275
I fpeke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryfe
Youre wytte from maruelle, and the warriour to alyfe.

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou potteft takells ³⁴ yn mie harte;
Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to fee herfelle;
I wylle upryfe mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

⁵³ Still, dead.

⁵⁴ arrows, darts.

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of fyke blacke a geare. 285
 Yette I wylle bee miefelfe, and rouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
 I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll
 drayne, 295
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
 For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

Æ L L A:

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 97

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn
stele, 300
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaeste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme ⁵⁵ to hys fyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy
morte.

Æ L L A.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres
ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310
Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

⁵⁵ Terrible.

H

Of

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yan all
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde?
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll morrowes sonne apperes.

Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
 yeaes; 320
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
 Thie bledeynge cuntrye, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeft notte goe, untill thou hafte command
Under the fygnette of oure lorde the kynge.

Æ L L A.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande? 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!
Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double styng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted ⁵⁶ Ælla, thie abredynge ⁵⁷ blynge ⁵⁸.
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. 335
Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted ⁵⁹ harte the lover and the friende.

⁵⁵ Offended. ⁵⁷ upbraiding. ⁵⁹ cease. ⁵⁹ swollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe ;
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
 flyghte, 340
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweetlie goe,
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele ; [345
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of
 warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe : O mie agroted harte !

Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be fedde bie
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie
fyngge. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme⁶⁰ to accaie⁶¹,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie,

B I R T H A.

Difficile⁶² ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Juste as I was wythe Ælla to bleste,

Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhouthe an ounde of feares and breaste wyth syghes
ytorne.

⁶⁰ Torture.

⁶¹ asswage.

⁶² difficult.

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyse yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes ⁶³ he nowe muste leave
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and
 friende. 375

Æ L L A, BIRTHA, CELMONDE
speaking.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
 lynge ⁶⁴;
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

⁶⁴ Jewels.

⁶⁵ stay.

BIRTHA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 103

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380
Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, brasste, brasste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alafs! percase he's gone for aie.

C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fuster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390
 Whyche farre abroad ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
 Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ⁶⁵ ynne a myste, and wyth thynne eyne
 yblente,
 Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ⁶⁶;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde
 aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
 Awhaped ⁶⁷ atte the fetyveness of daie; 400
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
 Is gone, and I moeste followe, toe the fraie.

⁶⁵ Wrapped closely, covered.⁶⁶ fastened.⁶⁷ astonish'd.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 105

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face. 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;

Blake ⁶⁸ stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee
alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastness fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest ⁶⁹ thie levynne-bronde;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the
gare; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

⁶⁸ Naked,

⁶⁹ Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasseyng hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade, *

A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made

Menne wydhoute sprytes, and women for to fleme;

Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of the
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeebyllynge waies,

Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be breme, 425

And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayse.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable spryte,

For fremde ⁷⁰ and dolefulle dede. 430

⁷⁰ Strange.

*

shadow of a shade

MAGNUS,

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.

M A G N U S.

SWYTHE ⁷¹ lette the offrendes ⁷² to the Goddes
begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-*steyned* sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435
Delethe feasonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles ⁷³ hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

⁷¹ Quickly.

⁷² offerings.

⁷³ mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
 Storven to be overest,
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
 Swolteryng wole natyones downe,
 Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde, 445
 Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde;
 To mee send your heste dyvyne,
 Lyghte cletten ⁷⁴ all myne eyne,
 Thatt I maie now undevyse
 All the actyonnes of th'empprize. 450

[falletb downe and este rysethe.

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
 Forr there shall meynthe of mytte menne bee slayne.

M A G N U S.

Whic, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte,
 Este have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dystraughte, 455
 Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,

⁷⁴ Enlighten,

As

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 109

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie
spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

H U R R A.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of found, and
eeke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465

The cocke saiethe dreste ⁷⁵, yett armed ys he alleynes.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,

Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage
stonde.

⁷⁵ Least.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ⁷⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,
 And thou alton, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

⁷⁶ Against.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. III

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can
feare.

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd
wryte, 495
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche 77 myckle
woe. 500
Oh! I bee madde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte
affwage.

77 Work.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomnes⁷⁸
 To thee and recreandes⁷⁹) thondered on the playne,
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510
 A ronnynge pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
 wylle gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylft
 yynge, 515
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

⁷⁸ Terror.⁷⁹ cowards.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 113

Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes
devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele ⁸⁰. 530
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

⁸⁵ Wave.

I

M A G-

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneft welle.
 Unlydgement traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
 Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to fletre felle;
 Botte nowe thou lackeft hem to be all yyne. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyfregate.

H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
 The fede of malyce and recendize al.
 Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes; 545
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canst calle.
 Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to fowl mie sworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550
 I Hurra amme miefel, & aie wylle bee,
 As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

M A G-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER,

MESSENGER.

Blynne your contekions ⁸¹, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded ⁸² foe, 555
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugsomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme,

MAGNUS,

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
Seemynge as tho' theie styngge as persante too,

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

⁸¹ Contentions.

⁸² frightened,

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styngge as faste as heie.
 Whatte? doest forgard ⁸³ thie blodde? ys ytte for
 feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,
 And yette ne byker wythe the souldyer garde?
 Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
 I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
 goode. 570

H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE
MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
 I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

⁸³ Lose.

The

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner ; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoafte 575
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;
Styr, ftyr, mie lordes !

M A G N U S.

What ? Ælla ? & foe neare ?
Thenne Denmarques roiend ; oh mie ryfyng feare !

H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene ? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne ⁸⁴. 580
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boafte foe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturue,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585
Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede ;
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryſe, & inne the battelle flea.

²⁴ Child.

I 3

ÆLLA,

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyng browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugfomme gratche of fere; 595
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600
Friends, kynne, & foldyerres, ynne blacke armore
drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scutged ⁸⁵ isle,
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde soyle, 605
 And townes enlowed ⁸⁶ lemed ⁸⁷ oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes ;
 Oure sonnes lie stoven ⁸⁸ ynne theyre smethynge
 gore ;

Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;
 These roynneres of oure hallie houses flea ;
 Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame, 615
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge ⁸⁹ levyn-bronde,
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne these roynners of the londe. 620

⁸⁵ Fate-scourged. ⁸⁶ flamed, fired. ⁸⁷ lighted. ⁸⁸ dead.
⁸⁹ blasting.

Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, 625
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streame,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters ⁹⁰ the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 830
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende ⁹¹ fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublied moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

⁹⁰ swallows, sucks in.⁹¹ unaccustomed.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepfterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea ; 640
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the
playne,

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a ftrynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
fleene, 645

Lyche[a]loud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie myghte.

Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,

Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte ;

To commynge tymes no poyntellé shalle ywrite,

Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow
flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,

Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or
die.

I faie ne moe ; youre spryte the reste wylle faie ;

Your spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys yer
place ;

To

To honoures houle I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;
 The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee menne ;
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne. 660
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe
 deathe.

S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

C E L M O N D E.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;
 Go, & fytt crowned on corfes of the slayne ;
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe, 670

S O L-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 123

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reynges ;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie cuntrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer maister telle.
Swepte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge fwerdes shalle plunge hem downe to
helle ;

Theyre throngynge corfes shall onlyghte the starres ;
The barrowes braстыnge wythe the fleene schall swelle,
Brynnynge ⁹² to commynge tymes our famous
warres ; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall faie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,

⁹² Declaring.

Echone

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede ;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede ;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690
Nowe to the warre lette all the flughornes founde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfynge
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 125

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxones comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade; 695
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade, 700
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle⁹³ marke the goeynge of
my feete.

⁹³ Shall.

THYRDE

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the fame,
 Fro syde to syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
 The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblyng yield yer
 breathe;

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle
 slayne.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente⁹⁴ havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715
 Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote
 goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,
 Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wyll goe, 720
Inne future daie wee wyll have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne⁹⁵;
Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wyll sprengge sadde dethe &
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves there-
ynne; 725

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wyll make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

⁹⁵ Retreat.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere ! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her fable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
 The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure
 fteyne, 740
 Sheenynge upon the borne⁹⁶ whyche stondeth bie;
 The fouldyers stoode uponne the hillis syde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

⁹⁶ Burpish.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 129

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres;
Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
Hys eyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte; 750
Eche warryng harte forr prayse & rennome swelles;
Lyche slowelie dynnyng of the croucheyng streme,
Syche dyd the mormryng founde of the whol armie
feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
Moovyng alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boefomme
tare,
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were, 760
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryng,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde ;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym
fledde.

The battelle jyned ; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd
rynge ;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee ; 765

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea ;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed ⁹⁷ foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemme dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne ;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge ; saie nee ;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle ; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne ;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle !

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte ; botte Ælla's speere

⁹⁷ Frighted.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons
ſtonde,

Lyche bulles, whose ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte ys
fledde; 785

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes
deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemenn
bledde; 790

Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-
 fraie. 795

Sweste, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 flie;

Sweste, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, the Englysche foldyerres slaie.
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
 Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the fleetre staie, 800
 Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,
 In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
 Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805
 Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
course,

Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.

Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810

Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;

Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;

Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
heere—awaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the toun

He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815

And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,

Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?

O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,

Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820

To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;

Botte thanne rennome æterne⁹⁸—ytte ys botte ayre;

Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

⁹⁸ Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morthur, masterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be
torne.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 135

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere ⁹⁹. 835
Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure sellyneffe destroie,
Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynie teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied reste.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;
Perchaunce the swotie founde maie chafe your wiere ⁹⁹
awaie.

⁹⁹ Grief.

K 4

B I R T H A,

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! fyngē untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ¹⁰⁰ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne ¹⁰¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode ¹⁰² as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde, 855
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

¹⁰⁰ Running. ¹⁰¹ hair. ¹⁰² complexion.

Defte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered dells belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

Nee

Nee one hallie Seyncte to fave
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie ftylle fchalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I fcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feafte by daie.

895

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes ¹⁰³,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

¹⁰³ Water-flags

I die;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 139

I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte
please ;

Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all
ease. 905

Æ L L A,

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes ! brynge mee a
stede !

I wylle awaie to BIRTHA bie thys nyghte ;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for
flyghte ; 910

Swepte as mie wylhe, & as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA's armes so longe.

O ! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie

Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme
myne eie ! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed !

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &
blesse ;

On

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede ¹⁰⁴, yanne bie the same thyng
warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less.

'Tys Birtha's los whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers ¹⁰⁵ yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

¹⁰⁴ Frozen, cold.

¹⁰⁵ horse courfers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are styllle;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;

The upryfte ¹⁰⁶ sprytes the sylente letten ¹⁰⁷ fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 939

Nowe maie mie love be sated ynn yttes treatte;

Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streame,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.

Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe
here. 935

¹⁰⁶ Risen.

¹⁰⁷ church-yard.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 143

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode
newes.

CELMONDE.

Ths hope ys losse; for heauie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyues; & styll maie use
The behylte ¹⁰⁸ blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heauie tydynges thenne haue I to feare? 940
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

¹⁰⁸ Promised.

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
 In Wedecefter's wallid toune he lyes.

B I R T H A,

O mie agroted breast!

C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's prefence erhe herr Ælla's payne?
 I fle; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

C E L M O N D E.

Mie ftede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll fle as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweftlie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge ; 950
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla ! dydſte thou kenne the ſtyng,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare to bee ;
Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre ;
Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys
bloode, 960
Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle
cheere ;
Upponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode¹⁰⁹ ;
You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes
ſmoke. 965

¹⁰⁹ Life.

L

B I R.

B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee; 970
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enfeme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakcynge everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the
 waie. 975

A W O D E.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 147

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle flea,
Spreddyng our ugsomme rennome to asarre.

Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee
are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaſte yn gorie letteres ſcarre,
Whatt ſpytes you have, & howe thoſe ſpytes maie
dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
Eſteſoones we will retourne, & wanquiſhed bee ne
moere, 985

L 2

The

The battelle losfe, a battelle was yndede ;
 Note queedes hemfelfes culde ftonde fo harde a fraie ;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes fprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie ; 990
 Ynn fpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte ;
 Botte wee ynn hyndlettes blodde the lofs wylle paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn
 fyghte ;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,
 deſtroie ;—

Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-ſote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie brende ;
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
 The talle chyrche-fpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende ;
 Wee wylle the walles, & aultyante tourrettes
 rende, 1000

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Downe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abroade sadde warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie.

1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merknefs doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie ¹¹⁰ the fable brayde; 1010
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

¹¹⁰ Scarcely, sparingly.

L 3

B I R

B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
 Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of
 daie. 1015

C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
 Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys toreⁱⁱⁱ, dothe
 ſheene, 1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
 See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
 Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the fyghte;

ⁱⁱⁱ Torch.

Thys

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou meneft, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betrafte ¹¹²? where ys mie Ælla, faie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

¹¹² Betrayed.

L 4

B I R

B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 Iwretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha styлле wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, lopke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce
 brooke. 1045

B I R T H A.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavytie ¹¹³ fedde.

¹¹³ Letchery.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further faie;

Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.

Yee feynctes ! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050

And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
thyng?

Lett mee be gone—alle curfes onne thie hedde !

Was ytte for thys thou dydst a message brynge !

Lette me be gone, thou manne of fable harte !

Or welkyn ¹¹⁴ & her starres wyll take a maydens
parte. 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,

Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte ;

Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte stryng as stele ;

The merkye seefonne wylle your bloshes hylte ¹¹⁵.

B I R T H A,

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde was
spylte ! 1060

¹¹⁴ heaven.

¹¹⁵ hide.

C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce ftonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete alse hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder
 heare. 1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
 I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA:

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 155

H U R R A.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys roynar heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;

Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous ¹¹⁶ honde;

H U R R A.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onnie, and see

Gyff mie stryng anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynte Danes be sleath,
and faletb to Hurra.*]

¹¹⁶ Furious.

C E L-

C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forflagen ¹¹⁷ be! ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forflege youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to fwymme yn æterne nyghte;—
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.

H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080
 Saie, who bee you?

B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

H U R R A.

Ah!

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

¹¹⁷ slain.

Bie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ¹¹⁸ you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal
woe. 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter
dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee styll.

¹¹⁸ Adultery.

Botte

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyne;
 The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? 1100
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian field,
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytysned, yn field dyd bee,
 I hee oathed you to bee styll, & straye dydd sette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forlege ¹¹⁹ hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
 Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?

¹¹⁹ Slav.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;
Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe
mee, 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleffynge maie the feynctes unto yee gyve !
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges
bee !
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea,
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;
Maie ne thie crosse-stone ¹²⁰ of thie cryme bewree !
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !
Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns' alonge the Easte to sheene ;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;
The feynthe rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chafe the merkyness of nyghte awaie ;

¹²⁰ Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the
daie ; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge grasse ;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante ¹²¹ fees her vyfage yn the wavië glasse ;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla fee,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne ; damoyfelle, followe
mee. 1135

¹²¹ Scarce.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 164

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURS.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste
nyghte

To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wyll prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wyll bee fette aryghte,

Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne
more. 1145

M

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to me
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of fhee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 163

E G W I N A.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Æ L L A.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

E G W I N A.

I will.

Æ L L A.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie;

Where ys shee? fwythynne speeke, or instante thou
shalte die.

1155

E G W I N A.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

Æ L L A.

Oh! speek.

M 2

E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her hearte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouse alleyn¹²². 1160
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere¹²³,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anje
 wheere. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyeft, foul hagge! thou lyeft; thou art her
 ayde
 To chere her loust;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

¹²² Only, alone.

¹²³ Search.

EGWINA,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

E G W I N A.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170
Shee wythe fomme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytt wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreste;

M 3

Downe

Downe to hym camme fhee; butte thereof the
reste

1180

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;

I once was Ælla; now bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned ¹²⁴ headde I hanne been Ælla
fstyle.

1185

Thys alleyn was unburled ¹²⁵ of alle mie spryte;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ¹²⁶
wynde,

Thatte fteeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;

A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie honneur yette somme drybblet joie maie
fynde,

1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;

Whanne thos mie rennome ¹²⁷ & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

¹²⁴ Curfed, tormented.¹²⁵ unarmed.¹²⁶ soft, gentle.¹²⁷ renown.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie hufcarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
[*Stabbeth bys breste.*]

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be styll: stythe lette the chyrches ryngie mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!

M 4

Botte,

Botte, ah ! shee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shee moste bee

Æ L L A.

Ah ! faie notte foe ; yatte worde woulde Ælla [dobblic
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah ! Birtha here !

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys ? whatte menes yis leathalle
knelle ?

Where ys mie Ælla ? speeke ; where ? howe ys hēe ?
Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

Æ L L A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 169

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge fee. 1210

Thie foulnefs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes ²²⁸.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie BIRTHA fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

¹²⁸ Un-souls.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to
thee.

1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fullie harde anenſte a burled ſwayne;
I ſente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiſelle foughte to be here agayne; 1220
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! ſhe ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could
Ælla feare?

1225

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste, 1230
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;
The Danes—

Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.—

[*dieth.*]

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal
bedde. 1235

[*Birtha feyneth.*]

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyyng toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
 Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losse.
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
 A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;
 Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
 Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge
 of thee. 1245

T H E E N D E.

G O D D W Y N;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie *T. Rowleie*, the Authhoure.

GODDWYN, bie *Johan de Iscamme*.

ELWARDE, bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges*.

ALSTAN, bie Syrr *Alan de Vere*.

KYNGE EDWARDE, bie Mastre *Willyam Canynge*.

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnstrells*.

P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME¹ bie pensmenne² moke³ ungentle⁴
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge⁵ hymme of faie⁶ and fame;
Unliart⁷ divinistres⁸ haveth faide,

Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie⁹ wurche¹⁰; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne¹¹ the church.

The aucthoure¹¹ of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte¹³ a clergyon¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.

Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn¹⁵ a kyng mote¹⁶ bee full pleased to nyghte. 10

Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;

Wee better for toe doe do champion¹⁷ anie onne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² writers, historians. ³ much. ⁴ inglorious.

⁵ bereaving. ⁶ faith. ⁷ unforgiving. ⁸ divines, clergymen, monks.

⁹ holy. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ not. ¹² author. ¹³ though, notwithstanding.

¹⁴ clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ entyn, even. ¹⁶ might. ¹⁷ challenge.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde ¹⁸!

G O D D W Y N .

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ¹⁹ riseth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.
Theie batten ²¹ onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude
dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roial honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ foes, enemies. ²⁰ devour, destroy. ²¹ fatten.

H A R O L D E .

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agrement²² blyn²³, ne aledge²⁴ stonde; 5
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
 Am I betrayed²⁵, fyke²⁶ shulde mie burlye²⁷ bronde
 Depeyncte²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte²⁹ ful welle; gentle thou art,
 Stringe³⁰, ugsumme³¹, rou³², as smethynge³³ armyes
 seeme; 10
 Yett este³⁴, I feare, thie chefes³⁵ toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme³⁷.
 What tydynges from the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge³⁸ trayne.

²² Grievance; a sence of it. ²³ cease, be still, ²⁴ idly.
²⁵ deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ so. ²⁷ fury, anger, rage.
²⁸ paint, display. ²⁹ foul. ³⁰ strong. ³¹ terrible.
³² horrid, grim. ³³ smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ oft. ³⁵ heat, rashness.
³⁶ counsel, wisdom. ³⁷ strength, also strong. ³⁸ taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydyngge withe the foulke ¹⁹ ?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap ⁴⁰, stylle toe the
 kynge
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
 styngge ? 20
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee ?

G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde ! tis fetelie ⁴¹ prayde.

⁹⁰ People.⁴⁰ fate, destiny.⁴¹ nobly.

Moste we those calke ⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre? ²⁵
 Thos croche ⁴³ oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne ⁴⁴,
 Unburled ⁴⁵, undelievre ⁴⁶, unespryte ⁴⁷?
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk ⁴⁸ thoughte of peyne,
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme feason fyttē. ³⁰
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shal ryse;
 Adented ⁴⁹ prowess ⁵⁰ to the gite ⁵¹ of witte,
 Agayne the argent ⁵² horse shal daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge ⁵³ wanhope ⁵⁴
 lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe ⁵⁵. ³⁵
 Whylste Edwardē to thie sonnes wyllē nete alyse ⁵⁶,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe ⁵⁷?
 Upponne the trone ⁵⁸ I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! twere homage nowē to pyghte ⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Cast. ⁴³ cros, from crouche, a cros. ⁴⁴ attempt, or endeavour.
⁴⁵ unarmed. ⁴⁶ unactive. ⁴⁷ unspirited. ⁴⁸ such. ⁴⁹ fastened, annexed.
⁵⁰ might, power. ⁵¹ mantle, or robe. ⁵² white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. ⁵³ distracting.
⁵⁴ despair. ⁵⁵ bleed. ⁵⁶ allow. ⁵⁷ ease. ⁵⁸ throne. ⁵⁹ pluck.

Thou arte all preefte, & notheynge of the kynge. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beseies ⁶⁰ thee notte a masse to synge;
 Servynge thie leegefolcke ⁶¹ thou arte ferynge Godde.

H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a feryce. To the skyes
 The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe ascende. 45
 The wyddowe, fahdreleffe, & bondemennes cries
 Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven astende ⁶⁵.
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
 Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe these Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
 shalle bee;
 Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie fwerde shalle
 brende ⁷⁰; 50
 Lyche fallynge fofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea ⁷²;
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle defayte ⁷³;
 Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empryze ⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
 pyones straye.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶¹ subjects. ⁶² contentions, complaints. ⁶³ choke.
⁶⁴ dark, cloudy. ⁶⁵ astonish. ⁶⁶ cut off, destroyed. ⁶⁷ slaves.
⁶⁸ loud roaring. ⁶⁹ flame of fire. ⁷⁰ burn, consume. ⁷¹ them.
⁷² flay. ⁷³ decay. ⁷⁴ make ready. ⁷⁵ enterprize.

G O D D W Y N.

Thie fuster —

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55

I wulde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie femlykeene ⁷⁹,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸².

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Upriste ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & cause unkend ⁸⁷,

Beheste ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding.

⁷⁷ foes.

⁷⁸ mangle, destroy.

⁷⁹ beauty, countenance.

⁸⁰ an ancient sword.

⁸¹ fury.

⁸² cease.

⁸³ deadly. ⁸⁴ lake.

⁸⁵ swollen.

⁸⁶ hidden.

⁸⁷ unknown.

⁸⁸ command. ⁸⁹ still.

The gule-steynct ⁹⁰ brygandyne ⁹¹, the adventayle ⁹²,
The feerie anlace ⁹² brede ⁹³ shal make mie gare ⁹⁴ pre-
vayle.

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites ⁹⁵ unfree, 65
Here liethe Normans coupynge ⁹⁶ her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng ⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre ⁹⁸,
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous ⁹⁹ wulde hem
flee ¹;
Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme ²;
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne ³ mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace ⁴ wielde yn furie dyre.

⁹⁰ Red-stained. ⁹¹ ⁹² parts of armour. ⁹³ broad. ⁹⁴ cause.
⁹⁵ rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ forbidding. ⁹⁸ grow.
⁹⁹ furious. ¹ slay. ² strength. ³ declare. ⁴ sword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster ⁵ hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ seyncte kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ¹¹
reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80

To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ more worthy. ⁷ pulled, plucked. ⁸ displayed.
⁹ over-righteous. ¹⁰ counfelled, more wise. ¹¹ uncareful, neglected.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle bouthe ytte frayte ;
 Bete ¹² mee to flea ¹³ myself, ytte shalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle fwythynne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 sonne.
 I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree ;
 The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ go
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts fwolyng ²¹ owndes ²² shalle bee ;
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryse :
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹² Bid, command. ¹³ flay. ¹⁴ presently. ¹⁵ explain.
¹⁶ grievances. ¹⁷ branch. ¹⁸ wet, moist. ¹⁹ fen, moor.
²⁰ drained. ²¹ swelling. ²² waves. ²³ grievance. ²⁴ assemble.
²⁵ broad.

A T R A G E D I E. 185

As the ybroched²⁶ moon, when blaunch²⁷ she dyghtes²⁸
 The wodeland groundes or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tieft²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests³¹ a castle-stede³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke³³ yere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare³⁴ wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe fyke a number wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes³⁵ the spreddyng kyngedomme
 bynde.

²⁶ Horned. ²⁷ white. ²⁸ decks. ²⁹ mightiest, most valiant.
³⁰ slain. ³¹ oversets. ³² a castle. ³³ revenge. ³⁴ cause.
³⁵ at once.

No

No crouched ³⁶ champyone wythe an harte moe
feygne 100

Dyd yffue owte the hallie ³⁷ fwerde to fynde,

Than I nowe ftrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!

Plle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;

Plle wake the honnoure thatte ys now allepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive halle,

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,

Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moſte die.

This geaſon ³⁸ wronges bec reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
pryme; 120

Nowe wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie.

Alyche a ſtorm egederinge ⁴⁰ yn the ſkie,

Tys fulle ande braſteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde;

³⁶ One who takes up the croſs in order to fight againſt the Saracens.

³⁷ holy.

³⁸ rare, extraordinary, ſtrange.

³⁹ run, ſhot up.

⁴⁰ aſſembling, gathering, ⁴¹ burſteth. ⁴² dry, barren.

A T R A G E D I E. 187

Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele ⁴⁵ shal
calle.

⁴³ Mighty.

⁴⁴ slain.

⁴⁵ help.

K Y N G E

K Y N G E E D W A R D E A N D H Y S Q U E E N E .

Q U E E N E .

BOTTE, loverde ⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
 These browded ⁴⁷ straungers alwaie doe appere, 130
 Theie parte yor trone ⁴⁸, and sete at your ryghte
 honde.

K Y N G E .

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde :
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie ⁴⁹ kepe ;
 Theie dyd mee feest, and did embowre ⁵⁰ me gronde ;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not
 used in England till Hen. II. ⁴⁸ throne. ⁴⁹ person, body.
⁵⁰ lodge.

Q U E E N E .

Q U E E N E.

Mancas ⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte;
 Youre leege-folcke ⁵² make moke ⁵³ dole ⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe afterte ⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I heste ⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie ⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele ⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes ⁵⁹ are ystorven ⁶⁰ to self endes; 140
 No denwere ⁶¹ yn mie breste I of them fele;
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele ⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

Q U E E N E.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were ⁶³;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks. ⁵² subjects. ⁵³ much. ⁵⁴ lamentation.
⁵⁵ neglected, or passed by. ⁵⁶ require, ask. ⁵⁷ holy. ⁵⁸ help.
⁵⁹ will. ⁶⁰ dead. ⁶¹ doubt. ⁶² waves.
⁶³ heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E

K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E.

K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges
thee here ?

H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente ⁶⁴;
The hus dyspense ⁶⁵ unpaied doe appere ; 150
The laste receivure ⁶⁶ ys eftesoones ⁶⁷ dispente ⁶⁸.

K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte ⁶⁹ Erle Harolde of the thyng ;
He rayfed hys honde, and fmoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge. 155

⁶⁴ Purse, used here probably as a treasury. ⁶⁵ expence.
⁶⁶ receipt. ⁶⁷ soon. ⁶⁸ expended. ⁶⁹ a contradiction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte feeson fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe foe enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne strevvyng to flea hymme, ourselves wee flea; 160
Syke ys the doughtyness ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the fame;
He sweeres he wyllle notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

⁷⁰ Diverst. ⁷¹ embrace. ⁷² mightiness. ⁷³ counsel.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
 Such ſtedneſs ⁷⁴ in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ⁷⁵, 170
 Onknowlachynge ⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvelle ⁷⁷ of a kynge !
 O Edward, thou deſerveſt purer leege ⁷⁸ ;
 To thee heie ⁷⁹ ſhulden al theire mancas brynge ;
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb ⁸⁰
 forſlege ⁸¹. 175
 I amme no curriedowe ⁸², I lacke no wite ⁸³,
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is
 ryghte.

⁷⁴ Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. ⁷⁵ doubt, ſuſpenſe. ⁷⁶ not knowing.
⁷⁷ wonder. ⁷⁸ homage, obeyſance. ⁷⁹ they. ⁸⁰ frown. ⁸¹ kill.
⁸² curriedowe, flatterer. ⁸³ reward.

K Y N G E.

A T R A G E D I E. 193

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acqyre yer
bredde.

⁸⁴ holy. ⁸⁵ help. ⁸⁶ allow. ⁸⁷ mahors. ⁸⁸ alone.

○

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe funge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;

She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ² ;
 She hearde onflemmed ³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burlled ⁴ speere,

On hie she jested ⁵ her sheelde, 195

Her foemen ⁶ all appere,

And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head.
⁹ stretched.

A T R A G E D I E. 195

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres ¹³ rolls hys
eyes, 200

Chaftes ¹⁴ with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wioldynge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,

Wyttē ſcillye ¹⁵ wympled ¹⁶ gies ¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddyngē ſheelde ys
gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸,
ariſt ¹⁹, 210

Hys feerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſte—

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteors. ¹⁴ beats, ſtamps.
¹⁵ cloſely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides. ¹⁸ armed. ¹⁹ aroſe.
²⁰ helmet.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE Ist.

WHANNE Scythyanne, salvage as the wolves
theie chace,

Peyncted in horrowe ² formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled ³ yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneyng rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes ⁴ of roddie lyghte 5
Plonged to the hulfred ⁵ bedde of laveyng seas,
Gerd ⁶ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets ⁷
twighte ⁸,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred
deffs ⁹,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched ¹⁰ clefs. 10

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.

² unseemly, disagreeable. ³ wrapped. ⁴ rays. ⁵ hidden, secret.

⁶ broke, rent. ⁷ small pieces. ⁸ pulled, rent. ⁹ vapours, meteors.

¹⁰ emblaunched.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS, &c. 197

Soft boundeynge over fwelleynge azure reles ¹¹

The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere ;

An uncouth¹² denwere¹³ to theire bosomme steles ;

Theyre myghte ys knopped ¹⁴ ynne the froste of fere.

The headed javlyn liffeth ¹⁵ here and there ; 15

Theie ſtonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne ;

The shyppes fayle, boleynge ¹⁶ wythe the kyndelie

ayre,

Ronnet to harbour from the beateynge bryne;

Theie dryve awaie aghafte, whanne to the ftronde

A burled ¹⁷ Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn

honde.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres ¹⁸, whose

swerdes

Gleſtred lyke gledeynge ¹⁹ ſtarres ynne froſtie nete,

Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge ²⁰ wordes

Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.

The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym

greete,

Prepared for battle, marshalled the fyghte;

11 Ridges, rising waves.

¹², ¹³ unknown tremour.

¹⁴ fastened, chained, congealed.

boundeth.

16 swelling.

armed.

18 companions.

19 livid.

20 a confused noise.

198 ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the fyghte;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to teese the fraie,
 Theie uncted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 swaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myndes,
 Leggende ²³ the salvage unthewes ²⁴ of their breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35
 Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente ²⁷;
 Halceld ²⁸ the bykrous ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeste
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
 As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was
 honge,

He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal fede,
 Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;

²¹ Anointed. ²² enlightened. ²³ alloyed. ²⁴ savage barbarity.
²⁵ mystic. ²⁶ polished, ²⁷ a princely robe. ²⁸ defeated. ²⁹ warring.

Bloufing,

Blouſhing, alyche ³⁰ the ſcarlette of herr wede,
 She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marriage bedde.
 Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde; 45
 Elſtrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
 The mornynge tyng, the roſe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love;
 Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie ³¹ age;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewrecke ³⁵ her bedde;
 Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene;
 The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchaſed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like. ³¹ ſweet. ³² oft. ³³ a tale. ³⁴ aſſembled.
³⁵ revenge. ³⁶ heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ³⁷ pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ³⁸
 and gear;
 Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-
 grate ³⁹. 79

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng ⁴⁰
 skies,
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Mighty. ³⁸ apparel. ³⁹ esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ glittering.
⁴¹ settled. ⁴² help. ⁴³ adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meesteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte ;
 Tyll mooveyng to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne fle.
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie ; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount ;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die ;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple
 founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieyng the rounyng course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ guide. ⁴⁶ tost. ⁴⁷ astonish. ⁴⁸ glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ lessen, alloy. ⁵⁰ hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare ⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stons,
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde ⁵². 100

The bawfyn ⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped ⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynghe lee,
 The roddie levynne ⁵⁵ glesterrd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie ⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes ⁵⁷ were
 fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Styllle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ⁵² hid, covered, ⁵³ huge, bulky.
⁵⁴ dispatched. ⁵⁵ red lightning. ⁵⁶ cruel. ⁵⁷ flames, rays.

F I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY¹
1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees² did caste his raie;
The apple rodde³ from its palie greene,
And the mole⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri⁵ funge the livelong daie; 5
Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte⁶ in its mose destre⁷
aumere⁸.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ripened. ⁴ soft. ⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ drest, arrayed. ⁷ neat, ornamental. ⁸ a loose robe or mantle. ⁹ the sky, the atmosphere.

When

204 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the funnis fetive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede,
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
 Longe bretful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷ flie? 20
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade!

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once. ¹³ beauteous.
¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ¹⁵ beggarly.
¹⁶ filled with. ¹⁷ beggar. ¹⁸ clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ dry, sapless.

OF CHARITIE. 205

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ²⁰, afshrewed ²¹
manne!

Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ bedde. 25

Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;

Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;

The forswat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and drenche ²⁶ the
raine; 30

The comyng ghaftnes do the cattle pall ²⁷,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;

Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe;

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies; 35

And the hot fierie smothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹
dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² found

Cheves ³³ flowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave.

²¹ accursed, unfortunate.

²² coffin.

²³ a sleeping room.

²⁴ sun-burnt.

²⁵ smoke.

²⁶ drink.

²⁷ pall, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.

²⁸ fly.

²⁹ lightning.

³⁰ steam, or vapours.

³¹ flames.

³² noisy.

³³ moves.

³⁴ swelled, strengthened.

Shakes

206 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard ³⁵ care of terroure hanges ;
 The windes are up ; the lofty elmen fwanges ; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are braste ³⁶ attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the wattie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;
 His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his pencte ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame ;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the fame ;
 The storme encreafen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist ⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne ;
 His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden twynne,

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ burst. ³⁷ a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.
³⁸ painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify cursing. ⁴⁰ poor, needy. ⁴¹ a cloke. ⁴² a loose white robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke a loverds ⁴³ mighte have binne ;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no finne :
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with rofes dighte.

An almes, fir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the funne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ; 60
 Helplefs and ould am I alas ! and poor ;
 No house, nè friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche,

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give ; 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour ⁴⁵ in ;
 None touch mie rynges who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
 stryve,
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones roadde
 awaie. 70

⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but
 feldom employed. ⁴⁵ a beggar, or vagabond.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen ;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
 His cope and jape ⁴⁶ were graie, and eke were clene ;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ; 75
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosened his pouche threade, 80
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁷ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe ⁴⁸ thie care ;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we
 bare,

But ah ! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me, 85
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my femecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I see ;

⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ joy. ⁴⁸ ease. ⁴⁹ nought. ⁵⁰ unhappy.
⁵¹ a short under-cloke.

Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure ⁵²,
Or give the mittee ⁵³ will, or give the gode man power.

⁵² Glory.

⁵³ mighty, rich.

P

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 1.]

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
 Al sleyme in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
 O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyme,
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 211

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to fyng of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And fcond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

212 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
 Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylllyam to his knyghtes did faie;
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
 The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys faie;
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
 The noyse it made the duke to turn awaie,
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
 The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
 And at Duke Wylllyam's feet he tumbled deade:

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, fon of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wylliams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy color yng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wylliam sawe hys freende fleyne piteousslie, 65
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred :
O! in Duke Wylliam's harte it rayfde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste :
So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
 That in his tender guttes it entered,
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
 And downe with flaiten noyse he funken dede.
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
 That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.

85

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
 The Englysh manie dethe-fure dartes did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they
 came.

100

Duke

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 215

Duke Wylliam drewe agen hys arrowe stryngge,
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he ;
 The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
 And hytt the horse Toffelyn on the knee.
 At this brave Tofslyn threwe his short horse-speare ; 105
 Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe ;
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow :
 Upon his helme foe furious was the stroke,
 It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tofslyn splete in tweine,
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
 But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
 And fell'd the champion to the bloudie grounde.
 Then Doullie myghte his bowestryngge drewe, 115
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tofslyn bloudie wounde,
 But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
 And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde.
 Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
 Death-doyngge blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail closde on everych syde,
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave ;

216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
 So have I fene two weirs at once give grounde, 125
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the funne;
 And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egefred, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
 Ageynste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
 In England's court, in goode Kyng Edward's regne,
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;
 And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with foverayn Wylliam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus fet
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne fyde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And

218 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe ;
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
 And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
 That he the sleeve unravels all their fate,
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraual,
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
 And in the battel he much goode han done ;
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :

True

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to garde his kynge, 195
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
+ The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokying crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useles weede amonge the haie
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

+ *The Grey Goon wing that was thereon Kynge
In his strait's blood was wet
Chewy Chace -*

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too, 215
 Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
 Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge
 speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
 480 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
 Their foules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 221

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.

Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235
Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely fouten fle;

But

255

265

270

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275

And was demasing howe to take his life,

When he behynde received a ghaſtly wounde

Gyven by de Torcie, with a ſtabbyng knyfe;

Base trecherous Normannes, if ſuch actes you doe,

The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymſon bloude and ſpirits floe;

And knowlachyng he ſoon muſt quyt this lyfe,

Reſolved Hubert ſhould too with hym goe.

He held hys truſtie ſwerd againſt his breſte, 285

And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;

And both together then did take their reſte,

Their ſoules from corpes unaknell'd depart;

And both together ſoughte the unknown ſhore,

Where we ſhall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd ſpie,

And hie alofe his temper'd ſwerde dyd welde,

Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,

His prooffe ſteel armoure did him littel ſheelde;

And not contente, he ſplete his hede in twaine, 295

And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

2. was this written after the dis Mean
pute about the famous line
"unhouseld, unanointed, unaknell'd"
or is Bowler's Authority ſufficient for
an Interpretation of Shakespeare?

224 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hofte,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kyng,
 Wreck'd all hys shyppe on the Brittish coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxonnez steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouche of the
 pile, 315
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;

'Twas

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;
 O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine ;
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple
 bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

226 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his trustie fwerd forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
 And at eche other vengoussie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
 Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to fle,
 Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
Upon Chatillion's foulles corse of claie;
A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyme;
It mis'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Thys Herewald perceed, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;
 Quod he ; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the fame.
 Into his bowels then his launce he thrufte, 385
 And drew thereout a fteemie drerie lode ;
 Quod he ; thefe offals are for ever curft,
 Shall ferve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
 Then on the pleine the fteemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymfon
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who faw his father killen lie,
 Ah me ! fayde he ; what woeful fyghte I fee !
 But now I muft do fomething more than fighe ;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ; 495
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymfon ftreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
 White rufhe the burftynge waves, and roar along the
 weir. 400

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 229

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405
 But peerc'd his shoullder, ghaftlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

85. Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
 And now eletten on another horse,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie fett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
 The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
 Advaucynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
 Close by the Norman champions he han fleine,
 He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the
 pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
 A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435
 He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
 And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a crymson streame of bloude:
 In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
 While life and dethe strove for the masterrie, 440

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 231

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
 Eftsoons his trustie fwerde he forthwyth drewe,
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
 That foule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
 Will black their earthlie name, if not their foule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
 198 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
 With horsmans haste he from the armie rodde;
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
 Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the fame. 460

232 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seek,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
 And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
 His sheelde of wolf-skinne did him not attend,
 The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
 230 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
 Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 233

And left behynde their bowe and asenglave,
 For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
 His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte; 485
 A wolf skyn girded round his myddle was;
 A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
 Was tytend round his shoulers by the claws:
 So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,
 Upon his shouler wore a lyon's skyn. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-swepte legges he wore
 A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
 A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
 His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
 They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495
 Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
 And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
 He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
 His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
 In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
 And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt's waie;
 The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
 He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then with his fwerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the fwerde and hylte;
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the fwerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's fwerde he broke,
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vylage grym;
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen fwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
 They turned about, eftsoons upom hym lept,
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 235

And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.

Backe to his harte retyr'd the useles gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.

As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore
laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545
And Ethelbert at Walleris fet his;

And

236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
 But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd mis :
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande, 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
 The poynted launce of Egward did ypasse ;
 The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
 And he fell breathless on the bloudie grasse.
 As coward Walleris laie on the grounde, 555
 The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
 And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead :
 Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
 A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave ! 560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
 And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;
 Peere'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :
 There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * * * *

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 2.]

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passyng worthe to
 pryze,
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays, 5
 Leadyng a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
 She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and
 pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

Sad

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !
 This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !
 Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde ; 15
 Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme ;
 Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
 And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
 Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and
 praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde ;
 Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,
 And search how farre our foeman's campe doth
 bound ;
 Yourself have rede ; I nede to saie ne more.
 My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
 Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
 And waiten tyll I sende the heft for fyghte.
 He faide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
 Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant fyde,

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 239

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.
 He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;
 Girthed drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;
 The proto-slene manne of the fiede he felle ;
 Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,
 Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
 pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-fonge came,
 Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie ;
 Thoughe Girthed and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,
 Not once theie floode abashd, or thoghte to flie.
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
 That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie ;
 * Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne ;
 So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone
 lowe. 50

* In Turgott's tyne Holenwell braste of erthe so fierce that it threw
 a stone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this
 lefte out o line.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edraw his arcublaste bowe.
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,
 And vengynge Normannes staide the flyinge floe.
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye fo 55
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Here singe onlie these to all thie crewe
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treads on English
 ground. 70

Erle

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 241

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr
last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;

When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd
found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the skies. 90

R

Such

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-
 spear shine; 95
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet noddod on the hedde;
 Some caught a slugorne, and an onfett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
 deede. 105
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 243

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbed fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125
Soone linked man to man the champyones stode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chafd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncelis coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystris bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 245

When Toftus fent me golde and fylver flore,
I fcornd hys present vile, and fcornd hys treason
more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what our foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe; 155
By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myftell them fo,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 160

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
Next thofe on horfebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165
Theyr afenglave acrosse theyr hofes ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the hofes fyde.

249 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte. 180

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and flughornes shake the vaulted
heaven. 190

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of
lyght; 195
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr
course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205
Ne neede of flughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more sweſte than
wynd;

With ſolemne ſtep, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One ſingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on
fyre. 210

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the Weſt :
Forth from the Eaſterne gatte the fyerie ſteedes
Of the bright funne awaytynge ſpirits leedes : 215
The funne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie :
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteeds, and hid his lyghtſome
raye. 220

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majeſtic rayſd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouſe ſent it whyſtlynge thro the ayre.

It

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225
In wayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;
He tumbled, scritchynge wyth hys horrid payne ;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande flos uprysynge in the aire. 240

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

Soon

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 245
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende ;
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie ;
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend :
 So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peercd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or
 helle. 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste ;
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255
 Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the steele ;
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re-
 payre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror fynge,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 265
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude ;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude ;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd
end. 270

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande ;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire ;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer ;
Itte whyzzd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear, 275
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hēarte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte ;
Ah ! what avayld the lyons on his creste !
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
prest. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 285
 There throghe dyd peerfe, and stycke into his groine;
 In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges
 torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
 He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seiur de Roe,
 And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the
 blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
 And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
 From twangyng iron sente the fleetynge floe.
 As

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roeses laste,
 The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe
 Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
 He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of
 fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
 Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 315
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale
 wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle; 325
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's ryfing
 ray. 330

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
 To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge!
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so
 stronge 335
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
 Ah! neete awayld the brass or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the
 playne. 340

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
 Couldste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 255

Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld After la goure,
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushyng from the
wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 355
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Passe bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 360

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,

Bespreng

256 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles;
 The shepster fwaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
 So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent, 365
 Ne onne abashtd enthoughten for to flee;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
 In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe increasd the slayne;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne;
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 375
 O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
 agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 257

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes refygne, 385
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
 His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
 Who was alreadie hastyng to the grave;
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

S

Her

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenyng
 fkyne, 405
 Or Phœbus ryfinge in a froftic morne,
 Her breste more white than fnow in feeldes that lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been fhorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-brafte brooklettes gently whyspringe in the
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the fhelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415
 Of Phebus charyotte rolynge thro the fkie,
 Greie as the fteel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So greie appeard her featly fparklyng eye;
 Thofe eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday
 book. 420

Majestic as the grove of okes that ftoode
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
 Majestic

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
 Where sainctes and foules departed masses syng;
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 425
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
 As skylful mynemenne by the stoncs above 435
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
 The lovelie ymage of her foule did shewe;
 Thus was she outward form'd; the fun her mind
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-
 fin'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises syng,

260 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

That leste the bosome of so fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he
 delte. 450

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth free;
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie, 455
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide
 lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465
 He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaſte;
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour ſtayne,
 He cloſ'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
 Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
 Stretched in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he
 laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn ſeerce,
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
 Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,
 Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
 But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475
 The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
 Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng from the blowe.
 Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
 So fell the mightie ſire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
 Advauuncyd forward to provoke the darte,

S 3

When

262 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
 He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 485
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
 Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
 doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde, 495
 Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
 He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
 The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie fyghte!
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
 A man well skilld in swerde and foundyng stryng,
 Who

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 505
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes
know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow; ;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 515
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther fyde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
 Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
 heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie
 Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,
 The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde, 525
 The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
 Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
 Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
 Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
 And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie
 bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
 Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
 It ne could be the worke of human handes,
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
 Here did the Brutons adoration paye 535
 To the false god whom they did Tauran name,

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

Dightyngē hys altarre with greetē fyres in Maie,
Roastyngē theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Nēere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse, 545
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A bleffynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghtē,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hāde
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole felde a carnage-howse he sees, 555
And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a broned floude;

Dethe

266 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Dethe honge upon his arme ; he ffeed so maynt,
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
 Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
 The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
 And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen ;
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
 In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
 knyghte,
 That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 575
 Orre Cornysh wraflers at a Hocktyde game.
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyue,
 To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came ;
 There

BATTLE OF HASTINGS: 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxannes were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,
Where thou mayste heare the fwotie nyghte larke
chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferfelie wythe ferse Severnes tyde, 585
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshménne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seiz'd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel fleere; 595
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

And drewe hys steele Morglaien fworde so stronge. 600

Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the
grounde. 6.0

So

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 269

So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the funne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon hafte awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 625
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprise
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thorough mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
 He skymys alofe, and blents the bearynge wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tyll for hys eyne
 In peccies hee the morthering thief doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
 Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
 Now poorlie come to hyde thiefselſe bie mee?
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
 Or with mie ſwerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
 Seezed a huge ſwerde Morglaiden yn his honde,
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
 So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will flee, 655
 When theie dyscover they cannot eſcape;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 271

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape ;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertleffe knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree ;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee ; 665
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save ;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave ;
Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came ;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle ;
Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame ;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare ;

A tyde.

272 BATTLE OF HASTINGS,

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peersyng his broade fyde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressyng all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie;
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
 astound
 To see the bawfin champion preste upon the grounde. 690

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
 And thunders ugdom on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedcesters shore,
 And sweeps the black fande rounde its horie prow;
 So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe; 695
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech fyde,

Betreinted

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 273

Betreinted all alonge with bloudles foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthles corse besprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte.
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastyng nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymfyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes funken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 715
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

274 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyoullie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne. 720

* * * * * * *

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve fittyng,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyng,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte,
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towe,
 Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

276 ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pafs not bye,
Until this fetive pile aftounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5
Fyre levyn and the mokie storme defie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylers fame for aie.

Thou seeft this mayftrie of a human hand,
The pride of Bryftowe and the Wefterne lande, 10
Yet is the Buylers vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou seeft the faynctes and kynges in stonen ftate,
That seemd with breath and human foule difpande,

As

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of flate, 15
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God
elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge
raie,

A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte,
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

T 3

For

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the
 solle,
 He'll wyng to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys
 dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Liffeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeinge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt ryfing Avonne to he sped, 5
 Amenged wyth ryfing hylles dyd shewe yts head ;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of ofyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And flickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd faie, 25
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

280 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I fee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :
Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde; 40
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come foe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;
Naked she was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trout he.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde, 50
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aftounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet femplate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho she strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee

282 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Shee sayd ; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven were, 75
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the flore,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis besom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie ;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge fwathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled ;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie ;
He ate downe learnyng wyth the wastle cake. 100
As wise as anye of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enow to make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore ;
Eche daie enhedeyng mockler for to bee, 105
Greete yn hys counsell for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

Encreasynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hastenynge to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to chese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

Hee

284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesús rest hys soule!) 115
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 285

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde felfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endles lyghte, 135
And fled good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-longe mie senses woke. 150

ON

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
 Or quite erased from the scaunce-layd grounde,
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytsel and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
 worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alafs! I call you myne: 5
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
 I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
 I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
 O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte asleme;
 Thye los, or quycke or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme ;
The ealdermenne doe fytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne defarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;
Heie styll the gwestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS.

The following, written by Mrs. COWLEY, on the death of the most extraordinary young man that this, or any age has produced, I beg you to give to the world. I apologize to the fair author for publishing it without her permission, but I do not apologize for having prefixed her name, because I think the subject, and her name, reflect honour on each other.

REKLAW.

A M O N O D Y.

O CHATTERTON! for thee the pensive song I raise,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise!
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!
Ye muses! who around his natal bed
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed;
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breast,
And, in his dædal numbers, shone confest,
Ah! why, in vain, such mighty gifts bestow—
Why give fresh tortures to the child of woe?
Why thus, with barb'rous care, illumine his mind—
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard! Poverty! whose *cheerless* eye
Transforms young rapture, to the pon'drous sigh;
In whose drear cave, no Muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er *madned* with poetic fire,
Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine—
His thought, *creative*, why must thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from distant skies,
Nor bids *wild scen'ry* rush upon our eyes—
Check'd in her flight, his rapid genius cowers,
Drops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muses! see your fav'rite son
The prey of WANT, e'er manhood is begun!
The bosom ye have fill'd, with anguish torn—
The mind you cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now *Despair* her sable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.
Ah see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye *with caution* is reveal'd—
Seize it, APOLLO!—Seize the liquid snare!
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!
Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than *Death* the pois'nous juice allows!
In vain!—he drinks—and now the searching fires
Rush thro' his veins, and writhing he expires!
No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, nigh,
To sooth his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Alone, *unknown*, the Muses darling dies,
With the vulgar dead, unnoted lies.
Bright star of genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate the name!

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS
IN THIS VOLUME.

IN the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

U

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF
REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Jurga,</i>	—	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn; a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N^o 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

- Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;
 mixed.
 Amerufed, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*
 C.
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-*
 meled. C.
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.
 Anete, p. 281. 64.
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; *nigh*.
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword.*
 C.
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*
 Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.*
 C.
 Arace, G. 156. *Divest.* C.
 Arift, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74.
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Dislainfully.*
 C.
 Asenglave, H. 1. 117.
 Askaunted, Le. 13.
 Atlee, Æ. 504.
 Affeled, E. III. 14. *Answered.* C.
 Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-*
 fortunate. C.
 Affwaie, Æ. 352.
 Astedde, E. II. 11. *Seated.* C.
 Astende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.
 Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.
 Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished.* C.
 Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish.* C.
 Afyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Aflyde*;
 ascended.
 Athur, H. 2. 476. as *Thurgh*;
 thorough.
 Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Eau.* Fr.
 Water.
 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or*
 mantle. C.
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of*
 gold and silver, &c. C.
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-*
 ture; *adventure.*
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white*
 robe, worn by priests. C.
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*
 C.

B.

- Bankes, T. 3. *Benches.*
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with*
 armour.
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or*
 ballad. C.
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292.
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.*
 Fr.

Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten.* C.
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly.* C.
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring.* C.
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with
sicks.* Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels.* C.
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large.* C.
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow.* C.
 Beheste, G. 60. *Command.* C.
 Behight, H. 2. 365.
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised.* C.
 Belent, H. 2. 121.
 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet.*
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament.* C.
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tor-
mented.* C.
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving.*
C.
 Bercie, p. 278. 8.
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child.* C.
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous.* C.
 Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes.* C.
 Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered.* C.
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3.
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.
 Bested, H. 2. 140.
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver.* C.
 Bestreynts, H. 2. 644.
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid.* C.
 Betraffed, G. 7. *Deceived, im-
posed on.* C.
 Betraite, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed.* C.
 Betreinted, H. 2. 707.
 Bevyte, E. II. 57. *Break. A be-
rard term, signifying a spear
broken in tilting.* C.
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge.* C.
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express.* C.
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, ex-
pressed.* C.
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare.* C.
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring.*
C.
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels.* C.
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or
covering for the back part of
the head.* C.
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.
 Blake, Æ. 178, 407. *Naked.* C.
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original.*
C.
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure.*
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White.* C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly.* C.
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead.* C.
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed.* C.
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease.* C.
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still.*
C.
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, sub-
stance.* C.
 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling.* C.
 Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33.
Different kinds of boats. C.
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved.* C.
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage.* C.
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager.*
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish.*
C.
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready.* C.
 U 3 Boupde,

- Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.
 Bourne, Æ. 483.
 Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.
 Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.
 Body. C.
 Brasteth, G. 123. *Burstheth*. C.
 Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.
 Brayde, Æ. 1010.
 Brene, subst. G. 12. *Strength*. C.
 ——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.
 Brende, G. 50. *Burn, consume*. C.
 Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.
 Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.
 Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.
 Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.
 Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.
 Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.
 Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.
 C.
 Byelecoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*.
 Fr. the name of a personage
 in the *Roman de la Rose*,
 which Chaucer has rendered
 Fair-welcoming.
 Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.
 Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.
 Bysmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curi-*
 ous. C.
 Bysmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiously*. C.
 C.
 Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.
 Calke, G. 25. *Cast*. C.
 Calked, E. I. 49. *Cast out*. C.
 Caltysning, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.
 Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, stones*.
 Brit.
 Castle-stede, G. 100. *A castle*. C.
 Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.
 Caytifined, Æ. 32. *Binding, en-*
 forcing. C.
 Celnefs, Æ. 882.
 Chafe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.
 Chaftes, G. 201. *Beats, stamps*. C.
 Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Chal-*
 lenge. C.
 Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, sun-*
 burnt. C.
 Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A small*
 round bat. C.
 Chese, G. 11. *Heat, rashness*. C.
 Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*.
 C.
 Cheorte, p. 288. 4.
 Cherisaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.
 Cherisaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps
 Cherisaunced.
 Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.
 Chevysed, Ent. 2. *Preserved*. C.
 Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confused*
 noise. C.
 Church-glebe-house, Ch. 24.
 Grave. C.
 Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.
 Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or cler-*
 gyman. C.
 Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.
 Clevis, H. 2. 46.
 Cleyne,

- Cleyne, Æ. 1102.
 Clinie, H. 1. 431.
 Cloude-agested, p. 278. 9.
 Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noisy*. C.
 Coistrell, H. 2. 88.
 Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions*. C.
 Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf*. C.
 Contake, T. 87. *Dispute*. C.
 Contains, H. 1. 223. for *Contents*.
 Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuse*; *con-*
tend with. C.
 Contekions, Æ. 558. *Contentions*. C.
 Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke*. C.
 Corven, Æ. 56. See *Ycorven*.
 Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.
 Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.
 Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.
 Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-courfers*. C.
 Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy*. q?
 Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward*. C.
 Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recreand*.
 Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair*. C.
 Croched, H. 2. 521. perhaps
Broched.
 Croche, v. G. 26. *Cross*. C.
 Crokyng, Æ. 119. *Bending*.
 Cross-stone, Æ. 1122. *Monument*. C.
 Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry*. q?
 Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-*
gate. C.
 Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer*. C.
 Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows*. C.
 D.
 Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endea-*
our. C.
 Declynie, H. 1. 161. *Declination*. q?
 Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved*. C.
 Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, wor-*
thy. C.
 Deere, E. III. 38. *Dire*.
 Defs, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors*. C.
 Defayte, G. 52. *Decay*. C.
 Deste, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental*. C.
 Deigned, E. III. 53. *Disdained*. C.
 Delievrenie, T. 44. *Activity*. C.
 Demasing, H. 1. 276.
 Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente*.
 Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented*.
 Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt*. C.—
 M. 13. *Tremour*. C.
 Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, destroy*. C.
 Dequaced, p. 280. 38.
 Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage*. C.
 Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer*. q?
 Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 532.
 Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamenta-*
ble. C.
 ——— M. 106. *Cruch*. C.
 Deslavate, H. 2. 343.
 Deslavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.
 U 4 Detra-

- Detratours, H. 2. 78.
 Deyfde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis.*
 Dheie; *They.*
 Dhere, Æ. 192. *There.*
 Dhereof; *Thereof.*
 Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult.* C.
 Dighte, Ch. 7. *D est, arrayed.* C.
 Dispande, p. 276. ult. perhaps for
 Disponed.
 Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*
 Divinistre, Æ. 141. *Divine.* C.
 Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.
 Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.
 Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.
 Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.
 Donde, H. 1. 51.
 Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should
 probably be written thus;
 O sea-oer-teeming Dovor!
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*
 C.
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as
 Dighte.
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 491. *D'outre*
 mere. Fr. From beyond sea.
 Dree, Æ. 983.
 Dreste, Æ. 466. *Leaf.* C.
 Drented, G. 91. *Drained.* C.
 Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned.* C.
 Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-*
 ficant. C.
 Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.
 Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.
 Droke, Æ. 461.
 Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's
 note. *Druerie is Courtship,*
 gallantry.
 Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted.*
 Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*
 Dureffed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.
 Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be
 Dygbt.
 Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy.* C.
 Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.
 Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest.*
 C.
 Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.
 Dysportifment, Æ. 250. as *Dyf-*
 porte.
 Dyfregate, Æ. 542.

E.

 Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw;*
 Draw.
 Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.
 Eftfoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.
 Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.
 Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten.* C.
 Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.
 Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*
 C.
 Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout.*
 C.
 Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.
 Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.
 Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease.* C.
 Emmers,

A G L O S S A R Y.

- Emmers, p. 287. 7.
 Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.
 C.
 Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.
 Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*.
 C.
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.
 Enheedynge, p. 283. 105.
 Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*.
 C.
 Enrone, Æ. 661.
 Enseme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.
 q?
 Enseeming, Æ. 746. *as Seeming*.
 Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, dart-*
ing. C.
 Enstrote, H. 2. 513.
 Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?
 Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows*,
sucks in. C.
 Ensyрке, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.
 Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.
 Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understand-*
ing.
 Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.
 Entremed, p. 276. 4.
 Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. *as Tricking*.
 Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.
 Estande, H. 2. 281. *for Ystande*;
Stand.
 Estells, E. II. 16. *A corruption of*
Estoile. Fr. *A star*. C.
 Estroughted, Æ. 918.
 Ethe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.
 Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.
 Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.
 Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with*
evening dew. C.
 Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.
 Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivi-*
ous.
 Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.

F.

- Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.
 Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.
 Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or va-*
gabond. C.
 Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool,*
or seat. See *Du Cange in*
v. Faldistorium.
 Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, in-*
nocent.
 Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.
 Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.
 Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.
 Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell pa. t. sing,*
 q?
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobby*. C.
 Fetive, Ent. 7. *as Festive*.
 Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.
 Fetiveness, Æ. 400. *as Festiveness*.
 Feygnes, E. III. 78. *A corruption*
of feints. C.
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.
 Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.
 Flaiten, H. 1. 84.

Flanched,

- Flanched, H. 2. 252.
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult*.
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.
 Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*,
 C.
 Forgard, Æ. 565. *LOSE*. C.
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forſaken*. C.
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.
 Forſlagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.
 Forſlege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.
 Forſtraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-*
tracted.
 Forſtraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-*
ting. C.
 Forſwat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasſing*. C.
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.
 Freme, Æ. 267.
 Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

 G.
 Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-*
mour. C.
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cauſe*. C.
 Gaſtnefs, Æ. 412. *Gbaſſlings*.
 Gayne, Æ. 821. *To gayne ſo*
gayne a pryze. *Gayne* has
 probably been repeated by
 miſtake.
 Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-*
ment.
 Geaſon, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C.—G.
 120. *Extraordinary, ſtrange*.
 C.
 Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier*.
 Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite*.
 Gemote, G. 94. *Aſſemble*. C.
 Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, aſſem-*
bled. C.
 Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.
 Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.
 Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twiſt*.
 Giſ, E. II. 39. *If*. C.
 Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.
 Glair, H. 2. 580.
 Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid*. C.
 Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.
 Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-*
jected. C.
 Glytted, H. 2. 282.
 Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.
 Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.
 Gouler, p. 282. 76.
 Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.
 C.
 Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of paſ-*
ture. C.
 Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.
 Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magiſtrate,*
mayor.
 Gravots,

Grayots, E. I. 24. *Groves.* C.
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow.* C.
 Groffile, Æ. 547.
 Groffish, Æ. 257.
 Groffynglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly.* C.
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor.* C.
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor, from
 gron a fen, and fer, a corrup-
 tion of fire.* C.
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors.* C.
 Grore, H. 2. 27.
 Groted, E. 337. *Swollen.* C.
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-
 painted.* C.
 Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained.*
 C.
 Gytteles, Æ. 438. *Mantels.* C.

H.

Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy.* C.
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile.*
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated.* C.
 Hallie, T. 144. *Holy.* C.
 Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholly.*
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy.* C.
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-
 ed.* C.
 Han, Æ. 734. *Hath.* q?
 Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had.* particip.
 q?—Æ. 685. *Had.* pa. t.
 sing. q?
 Hantoned, Æ. 1094.
 Harried, M. 82. *Toss.* C.
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.

Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have.* 1st pers.
 q?
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads.* C.
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-
 ward.* C.
 Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped close-
 ly, covered.* C.
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped.* C.
 Heie, E. II. 15. *They.* C.
 Heiedeygnes, E. III. 77. *A coun-
 try dance, still practised in the
 North.* C.
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help.* C.
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help.* C.
 Hem, T. 24. *A contraction of
 them.* C.
 Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold.* C.
 Hentyll, Æ. 1161.
 Herfelle, Æ. 279. *Herself.*
 Heste, Æ. 1182.
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-
 den.* C.
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding.* C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick
 house.* C.
 Holtred, Æ. 293.
 Hommeur, Æ. 1190.
 Hondepont, Æ. 273.
 Hopelen, Æ. 399.
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-
 greeable.* C.
 Horse-millanar, Ch. 56. See C's
 note.
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow.* C.
 Hulfred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret.* C.
 Hufcarles,

Hufcarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *House-servants.*

Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*.
Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif.
Ang. L. iv.

Hylle-tyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon.*

Hylte, T. 168. *Hide, secreted.* C.
—Æ. 1059. *Hide.* C.

I.

Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.

Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.

Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.

Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed.* C.

Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*

Impestering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.* C.

Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.

Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.

Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.

Iwreene, p. 286. 9.

K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.

Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.

Keppend, Le. 44.

Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part.* C.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.

L.

Ladden, H. 1. 206.

Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician.*

Leckedst, H. 2. 342.

Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.

Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.

Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.

Ledanne, Æ. 1143.

Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obedience.* C.

Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.

Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.

Leggen, M. 92. *Lessen, alloy.* C.

Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.

Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*

Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.

Lemed, El. 7. *Glifened.* C.—
Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.

Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 607. seems to be put for *Leather.*

Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.

Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.

Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.

Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.

Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.

Levynde, El. 18. *Blessed.* C.

Levyune,

- Levyne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C. Meeded, Æ. 39. *Rewarded*.
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Light-* Memuine, H. 2. 120.
ning-melted. q?
 Liefse, Æ. 217. Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*.
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*. q?
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*. Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*.
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflec-* C.
 Limmed, M. 90. } *ting*. C. Merke, T. 163. *Dark; gloomy*. C.
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C. Miefel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C. Miskynette, El. 22. *A small bag*.
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C. pipe. C.
 Loalte, Æ. 456. *Lofs*. Milt, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C. Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their* Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.
bind legs. C. Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C. Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C. Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C. Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C. Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C. Morglalien, M. 20. *The name of a*
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C. sword in some old Romances.
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C. Morthe, Æ. 307.
 Lyped, El. 34. Morthyng, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C. Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C. Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.
 Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.
 Myndbruch, Æ. 401.
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mythic*. C.

M.

- Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many*,
great numbers. C.
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

N.

- Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Nigh*.

Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder*. C.

Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

P.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

I

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Perfant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevdy, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-flene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. I. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.
 Quaintified, T. 4. *Curiously de-
 vised*. C.
 Quanfd, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*.
 C.
 Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil
 one; the Devil*.

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.
 Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.
 Recendize, Æ. 544. { for *Re-
 creandice;*
 Recrandize, Æ. 1193. { *Coward-
 ice*.
 Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.
 Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.
 Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.
 Reded, G. 79. *Counselled*. C.
 Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.
 Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.
 70. *Esteem, favour*. C.
 Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.
 Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.
 Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*.
 C.
 Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.
 Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.
 Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.
 Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*.
 C.
 Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Or-
 naments of ribbands*.

Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.
 Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.
 Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.
 Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, travel-
 ler*.
 Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.
 Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.
 Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.
 Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.
 Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.
 Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.
 Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.
 Sabbatanners, Æ. 275.
 Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.
 Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.
 Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, spar-
 ingly*. C.
 Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.
 Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.
 Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.
 Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.
 Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.
 Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abfcond*.
 Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck*.
 Seeled, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.
 Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.
 Selynefs, E. 1. 55. *Happinefs*. C.
 Semblate, p. 281. 67.
 Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.
 Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-
 cloke*. C.

Semm-

- Semmylykeed, Æ. 298.
 Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance*.
 C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance*. C.
 Sendaument, p. 284. 126.
 Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat*.
 Shappe, T. 36. *Fate*. C.
 Shap-scourged, Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. C.
 Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering*. C.
 Shente, T. 157. *Broke, destroyed*. C.
 Shepen, p. 283. 97.
 Shepstere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd*. C.
 Shoone-pykes, p. 286. 44. *Shoes with piked toes*. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
 Shrove, H. 2. 442.
 Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter*.
 Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy*.
 C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion*. C.
 Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke*. C.
 Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking*. C.
 Smore, H. I. 412.
 Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours*. C.
 Snett, T. 45. *Bent*. C.
 Sothen, Æ. 227. *Sooth*. q?
 Souten, H. I. 252. for *Sought*. p. t. sing. q?
 Sparre, H. I. 26. *A wooden bar*.
 Spedde, H. 2. 535.
 Spencer, T. 11. *Dispenser*. C.
 Spere, Æ. 69.
 Spyryng, Æ. 707. *Towering*.
 Staie, H. I. 198.
 Starks, T. 73. *Stalks*.
 Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs*.
 Stente, T. 134. *Stained*. C.
 Steynced, Æ. 189.
 Storthe, p. 287. 10.
 Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead*. C.
 Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched*. C.
 Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch*. C.
 Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive*.
 Stringe, G. 10. *Strong*. C.
 Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981.
 Swarthe, Æ. 265.
 Swartheing, Æ. 295.
 Swarthlefs, H. 2. 573.
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd*. C.
 Swoltering, Æ. 444.
 Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet*. C.
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn; *Quickly*. C.
 Syke, E. II. 6. *Such, so*. C.

T.

- Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow*. C.
 Teint, H. I. 462. for *Tent*.
 Tende, T. 113. *Attend, or wait*. C.

Tene,

- Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow*.
 Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully*.
 C.
 Tere, Æ. 46. *Healtb*. C.
 Thighte, p. 283. 104.
 Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for
Thought. pa. t. fing. q?
 Thyssen, E. II. 87. *These*, or *those*.
 q?
 Tochelod, Æ. 205.
 Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch*. C.
 Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget*;
Deceit.
 Treynted, Æ. 454.
 Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked*,
pulled. C.
 Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck*, or *pull*.
 C.
 Tyngge, Tyngue; *Tongue*.

U.

- Val, T. 138. *Helm*. C.
 Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia*.
Ital. a sort of rich wine.

- Ugsomenefs, Æ. 507. *Terror*. C.
 Ugsomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly*.
 C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible*. C.

- Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without*
any knell rung for them. q?

- Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed*.
 C.

- Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed*. C.
 Undelièvre, G. 27. *Unactive*. C.

- Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccus-*
tomed. C.

- Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited*. C.

- Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy*. C.

- Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving*. C.

- Unlift, E. III. 86. *Unbounded*. C.

- Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned*. C.

- Unlydgefull, Æ. 537.

- Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ.
 1238. *Explain*. C.

- Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt*.
 C.

- Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls*.
 C.

- Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful*, *neg-*
lected. C.

- Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless*. C.

- Unwere, E. III. 87. *Tempest*. C.

- Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory*, *under-*
standing. C.—G. 140. *Will*.
 C.

- Upriste, Æ. 928. *Risen*. C.

- Upryne, H. 2. 729.

- Upfwalyngge, Æ. 258. *Swelling*.
 C.

W.

- Walsome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatfome*;
loathsome.

- Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair*. C.

- Wayld, Æ. 11. *Choice*, *selected*.

- Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing*.
 C.

X

Wayne

- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C. Ycorne, Æ. 374.
 Weet, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C. Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.
 Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C. Ycrafed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
 Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C. Yenne; *Then.*
 Wifcegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C. Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
 Wiffen, Æ. 685. *Wish.* Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C. Ygrove, H. 2. 444.
 Withe, E. III. 36. *A contraction of Wither.* C. Yinder, Æ. 692. *Yonder.*
 Wolfome, Le. 5. *See Walsome.* Yis; *This.*
 Wraytes. *See Reytes.* Ylach'd, H. 2. 446.
 Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C. Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Interr.* C.
 Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C. Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless.*
 Wychencref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.* Yreaden, H. 2. 217.
 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* Yroughte, H. 2. 328. *for Ywroughte.*
 C. Yfped, M. 102. *Dispatched.* C.
 Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C. Yspende, T. 179. *Consider.* C.
 Wynnynge, Æ. 219. Yltorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.
 Ytsel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*
 Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.
 Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.*
 C.
 Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

Y.

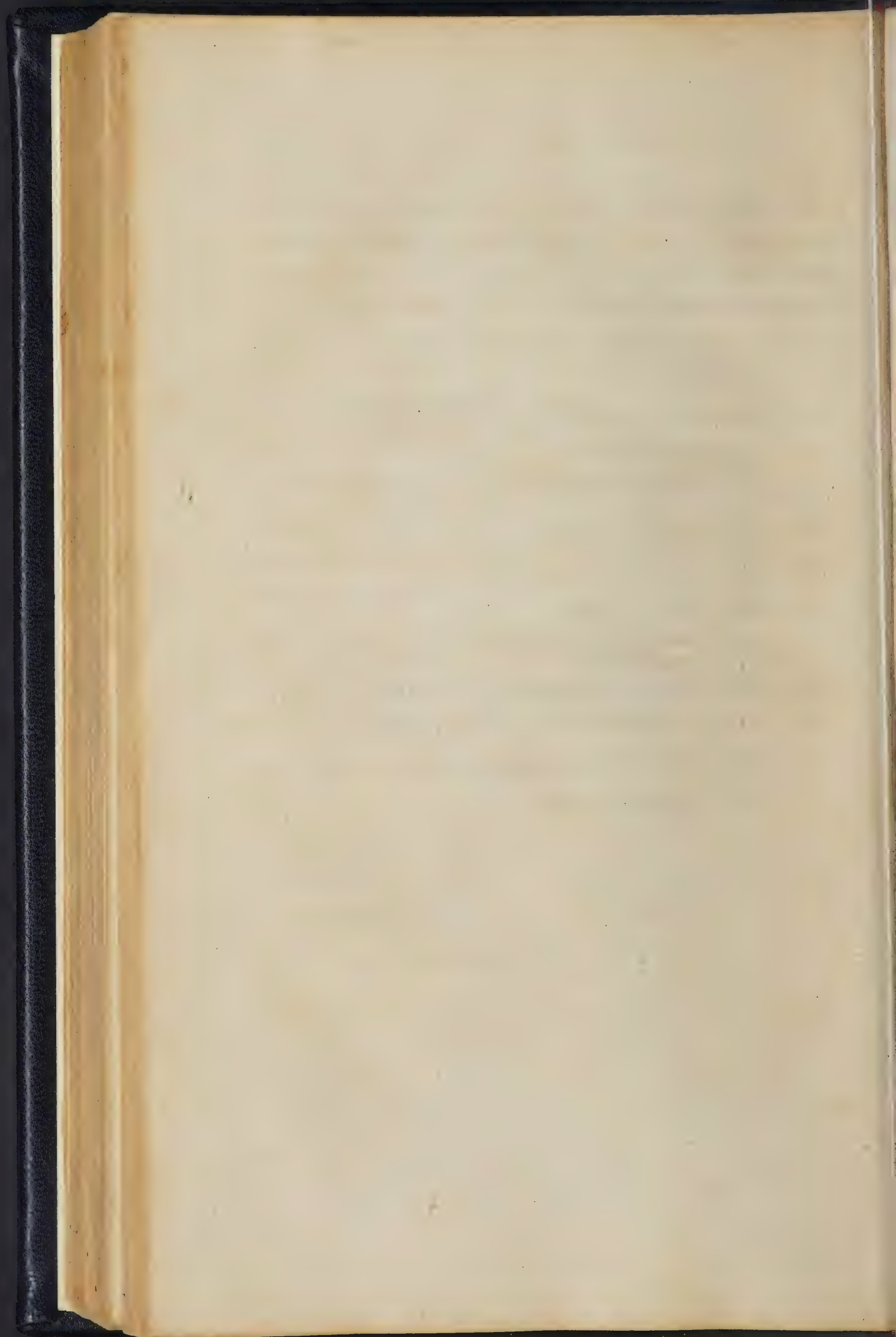
- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
 Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

Z.

- Zabalus, Æ. 428. *as Sabalus; the Devil.*

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for Canterlone, r. Canterloue, or Canteloue.
 72. ver. 49. ytts, r. yttsself.
 75. 1. cherisaunei 'tys, r. cherisaunce it ys.
 80. 73. toe, r. doe.
 100. 345. r. to be dyghte.
 101. 367. feares, r. teares.
 108. 442. Storven, r. Stroven.
 110. 486. be wreene, r. bewreen.
 130. 770. sythe, r. syke.
 135. 839. cherisaunied, r. cherisaunced.
 149. 1008. Hallie, r. Hailie.
 157. 1084. Bie thanks, r. Mie thanks.
 167. 1197. sythe, r. swythe.
 210. O sea! our teeming donore, r. O sea-oerteeming Dover!
 215. 104. r. horse of Tosselyn; or rather Josselyn.
 224. 300. men in women's, r. women in men's.
 255. 353. After la goure, r. Astrelagoure.
 265. 548. vyctualle, r. vyctimes.



A P P E N D I X;

C O N T A I N I N G

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE

LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY

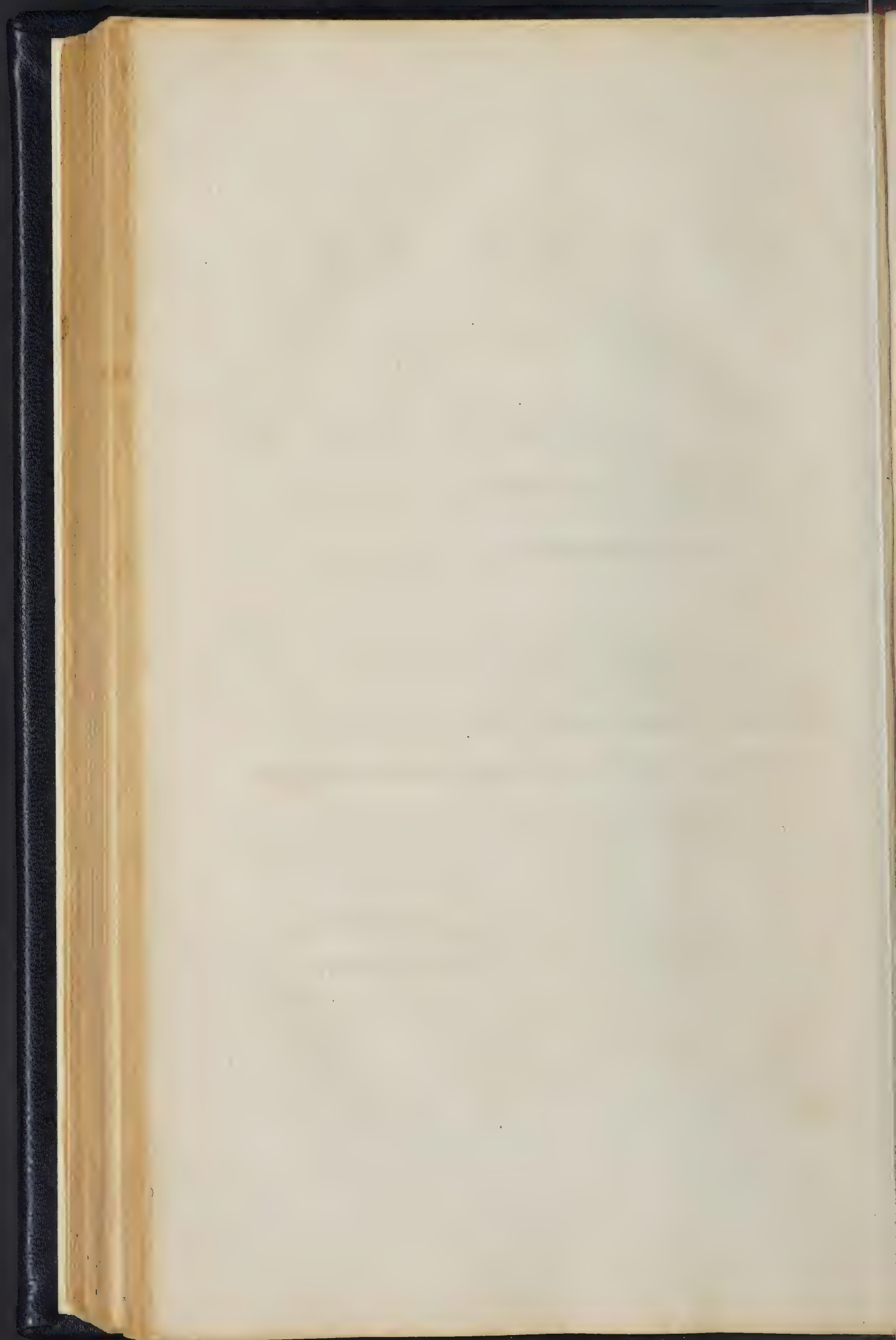
ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,

Sed sublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.

VIRGIL, *Æ.* X.



A P P E N D I X, &c.

WHEN these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *some observations upon THE LANGUAGE* of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

* I have chosen this *part* of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, considered with respect to their *significations* and *inflexions*. A complete examination of this subject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding, I choose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one *postulatum*, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions*.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be referred to three general heads; the *first* consisting of words

* Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of *style* than of *language*. The *local situation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol.

not used by any other writer; the *second*, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the *first* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whylest the congeon flowrette *abessie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334.

Agylted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 402.

The fynest damie the sun or moone *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.

Adented prowess to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.

Leave me fwythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

Where from the hail-stone coulde the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.

That Alured coulde not hymself *aluste*.

11. ALYNE. T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*:

12. ALYSE. Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette share you shoulde to that *alyse*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *alise*.

13. ANERE. Æ. 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe *anere*?

————— Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE. p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS. E. I. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodyde trées.

16. ARROW-LEDE: H. 1. 74.

Han by his foundynge *arrowe-lede* bene fleyne.

17. ASENGLAVE. H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE. Æ. 504.

That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE. Æ. 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*

Moe torturyng peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE. G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.

I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

1. ABOUNDE. H. I. 55.

His cristede beaver dyd him finalle *abounde*.

The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.

Aledge, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

3. ALL A-BOON. E. III. 41.—p. 23. l. 4.

All-a-boon, fyr Priest, *all-a-boon*.

Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.

Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for *alone*, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say—*my son alone* for *my only son*.

5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighbourè greene.

The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways, obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the English language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

6. ASTERTE. G. 137.

————— You have theyr worthe *asterte*.

I despair of finding any authorized sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signify *neglected* or *passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

7. AUMERE. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose destre *aumere*.
Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de soye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

8. BARBED.

8. BARBED. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horſe, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horſe* was a proper expreſſion, in the XV Century, for a *horſe covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* ſignified a *hall in which armour was hung*? or what other ſenſe can *barbde* have in this paſſage?

9. BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407.

Whanne Autunipne *blake* and ſonne-brente doe appere.

Blake ſtondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyſe.

Blake, in old Engliſh, may ſignifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both theſe paſſages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, ſome ſuch ſignification ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to make any ſenſe.

10. BODYKIN. Æ. 265.

And for a *bodykyn* a *ſwarthe* obteyne.

Bodekin is uſed by Chaucer more than once to ſignifie a *bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other ſignification in his time. *Swarthe*, uſed as a noun, has no ſenſe that I am acquainted with.

11. BORDEL. E. III. 2.—Æ. 147. BORDELIER. Æ. 410.

Goe ſerche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.

We wylle in a *bordelle* lyve.

Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though

Though *bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-house*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course *bysmare*.

Bismare, in Chaucer, signifies *abusive speech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, v. P G. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champion* anie onne.

- * I do not believe that *champion* was used as a *verb* by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

14. CONTAKE. T. 87. CONTEKE. E. II. 10.

—— I *contake* thie waie.

Conteke the dynnyng ayre and reche the skies.

- * *Conteke* is used by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no instance of its being used as a *verb*.

15. DERNE. Æ. 582. DERNIE. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didst boaste foe moche of actyon *derne*.

Oh Raufe, comme lyste and hear mie *dernie* tale.

O gentle Juga, heare mie *dernie* plainte.

He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

- ⊕ *Derne* is a Saxon adj. signifying *secret*, *private*, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. DROORIE.

- * How many Nouns has Shakespeare & Milton made Verbs of without yet who asks for precedents to justify them? —

⊕ Why not from the French

16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,
Bee placed in the fame ———.

The only sense that I know of *druerie* is *courtship*, *gallantry*, which will not suit with this passage.

17. FONNES. E. II. 14. Æ. 421. FONS. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fonnes* rare ———.

On of the *fonnis* whych the clerche have made.

Quayntyffed *fons* depictedd on eche sheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer signifies a *fool*, and *fonnes*—*fools*; and Spenser uses *fon* in the same sense; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

18. KNOPPED. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froste of fere.

* *Knopped* is used by Chaucer to signifie *fastened* with a button, from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would say that any thing was *buttoned with frost*?

19. LECTURN. Le. 46.

An onlist *lecturn* and a songe adygne.

I do not see that *lecturn* can possibly signifie any thing but a *reading-desk*, in which sense it is used by Chaucer.

20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.

Inne *litbie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any such word as this, we should naturally expect

* *Knopped* is *knapped* — for which there is pretty good Authority in the sense in which Howley uses it — "he *knappeth* the spear aunder"

pect it to follow the signification of *lithe*; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

Clevis or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ. 681.

In everich *eyne* aredyngge nete of wyere.

Wythe fyke an *eyne* shee swotelie hymm dydd view.

Eyne, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say—*In every eyes*;—*With such an eyes*.

HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 355.

Heie, the old plural of *He*, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in these poems.

THYSEN.

THYSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyssen* was ever in use as the plural number of *this*. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular sorts they were. In the same manner *coyen*. Æ. 125. and *sothen*. Æ. 227, are put for *coy* and *sothe*, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the singular number in n* *. I will set down a number of instances, in which *han* is used for the present or past time *singular* of the v. *Have*; only premising, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9: The Brytish Merlyn oftenne *hanne*

The gyfte of inspyration.

* It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the singular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.

Ba. 2.

Ba. 2. The featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wyll wyssen hee *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. ——— Mie stede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wyll

Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla
fyllle.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a styng?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire she *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the bravest in the londe

Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* flayne a noble's son.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe.

319. O Hengist, *han* thy cause bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,

And *han* that daie full manie Normannes fleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more instances should be wanted, see H. 1. 396. 429.

455. H. 2. 316. 713.—p. 275. ver. 4.—p. 281. ver. 63.—
p. 288. ver. 1.

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used *singularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fellen* on the ground and thus yspoke.

H. 2. 675. Bewopen Alfwoulde *fellen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned about and vilely *sauten* flie.

H. 2. 349. Fallyng he *shooken* out his smokyng braine.

H. 2. 344. His sprite—Ne *shoulden* find a place in anie songe.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyse—

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laste nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *shewn*, he *thoughten* coste no sinne.

See also H. 2. 376. where *thoughten*, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in Æ. 704.

Enthoughteyng for to scape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Cen-

tury;

tury; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him*. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* †. In many cases, where the

* This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled "*Englysh Metamorphosis*," [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

† Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u, and is entitled "*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt*, &c."

words

words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right ; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explain any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical ; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315.

A manner of asking a favour, says Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

“ *All a bone*, exp. *Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab A.S. Bene, unde nostrum Boon additis particulis Fr. G. A la. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. 1. Col. 2.*”

Z

The

The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, *Canterb. Tales*, ver. 9492.

“ And alderfirst he bade hem *all a bone*,” i. e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer should have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver*, &c. And AUMERE in Æ. 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment*. And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

“ *Aumere* ex contextu videtur *Fimbria* vel *Inflata*, nescio an a Teut. *Umboher*, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus seu ambitus. Ch. f. 119. p. 1. C. 1.”

BAWSIN. Æ. 57. *Large*, Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge*, bulky. Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of *Bawsin*, I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large*, than Skinner. “ *Bawsin*, exp. *Magnus*, *Grandis*, &c.”

BRONDEOUS. E. II. 24. *Furious*. Chatterton. BRONDED. H. 2. 568. BRONDEYNGE. Æ. 704. BURLIE BRONDE. G. 7. *Fury*, *anger*, Chatterton. See also H. 2. 674.

All these uses of *Bronde*, and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. "*Bronde*, exp. *Furia*, &c." though in another place he explains *Burly brand* (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus ensis*. It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand*, if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Cresseide*, a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.

BURLED. M. 20. *Armed*. Chatterton. So Skinner, "*Burled*, exp. *Armatus*, &c."

BYSMARE. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. Chatterton. BYSMARELIE. Le. 26. *Curiously*. Chatterton. See also p. 285. ver. 141. BISMARDE.

It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained *Bismare* to mean *Curiosity*. The true meaning has been stated above, p. 318.

CALKE. G. 25. *Cast*. Chatterton. CALKED. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected*. Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. "*Calked*, exp. *Cast*, credo *Cast up*." Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out* and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "*Calked* for *Calculated*, Ch. the Frankelynes tale." It is probable too, I

think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankelein's tale*, which in the common editions stands thus :

“ Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this.”

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in affixing to them exactly the same meaning.

I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.

ALYSE. Le. 29. G. 180. *Allow*. Chatterton. See before, P. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. “ *Alifed*,
Authori

Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. *Alloved*, ab A S. *Alpeb*, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner *f* might be easily mistaken for a long *s*.

BESTOIKER. Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also Æ. 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "*Beswike*, ab A S. *Berpican*, *Spican*, *Decipere*, *Fallere*, *Prodere*, *Spica*, *Proditor*, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as *Beswoike*, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKED. E. III. 4. *Naked*, *original*. Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "*Blake and bare*, videtur ex contextu prorsus *Nuda*, fort. q. d. *Bleak and Bare*, dum enim nudi sumus, eoque aeri expositi præ frigore pallescimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 1. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the exposition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

HANCELLED. G. 49. *Cut off*, *destroyed*. Chatterton. *Hancelled* from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "*Hancelled*, exp. *Cut off*, credo dici proprie, vel primario saltum, tantum de prima portione seu segmento quod ad tentandam seu explorandam rem abscindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to hanceill a pasty or a gammon of bacon*." Chatterton, who had
neither

neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning of this explanation; and understanding *Cut off* to mean *Destroyed*, he has used *Hancelled* in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate*. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. Chatterton.

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to einmate.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer *shap*.—

There ys ne house athrow thys *shap-scourged* isle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* should have been used in the English language to signify *Fate*, till I observed the following article in Skinner. “*Shap, now is my shap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i. e.) now is it shapen to me, ab A S. Sceapan, &c.*” I suppose that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand *now is my shap* to mean *now is my fate*.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

Now is me shap eternally to dwelle

Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is me shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner's explanation shews that he read *me*.

I fancy

I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance*. I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument.

It

* I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility*. C.—*Abessed*;—*Humiliatus*. Sk.

ABORNE; *Burnished*, C.—*Borne*; *Burnish*. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune*, *Abrewe*, *Acome*, *Aderne*, *Adygne*, *Agrame*, *Agreme*, *Alest*, &c.

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of *good*. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. *Abone*.—a Fr. G. *Abonnir*; *Bonum* facere.

ABREDYNGE; *Upbraiding*. C.—*Abrede*, exp. *Upbraid*. Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly*. C.—*Crool*, exp. *Murmurare*. Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADENTE, ADENTED; *Fastened*, *annexed*. C.—*Adent*;—*Configere*, *Conjungere*. Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is used in the sense of *raise*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of *Ajust*, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyse* and *Befioiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE,

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word *entirely*, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premisses, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more

DERNE, DERNIE; *Woeful, lamentable, cruel*. C.—*Derne; Dirus, crudelis*. Sk.

DROORIE; *Modesty*. C.—*Drury; Modestia*. Sk.

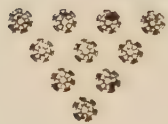
FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—*Fonnes; Devises*. Sk.

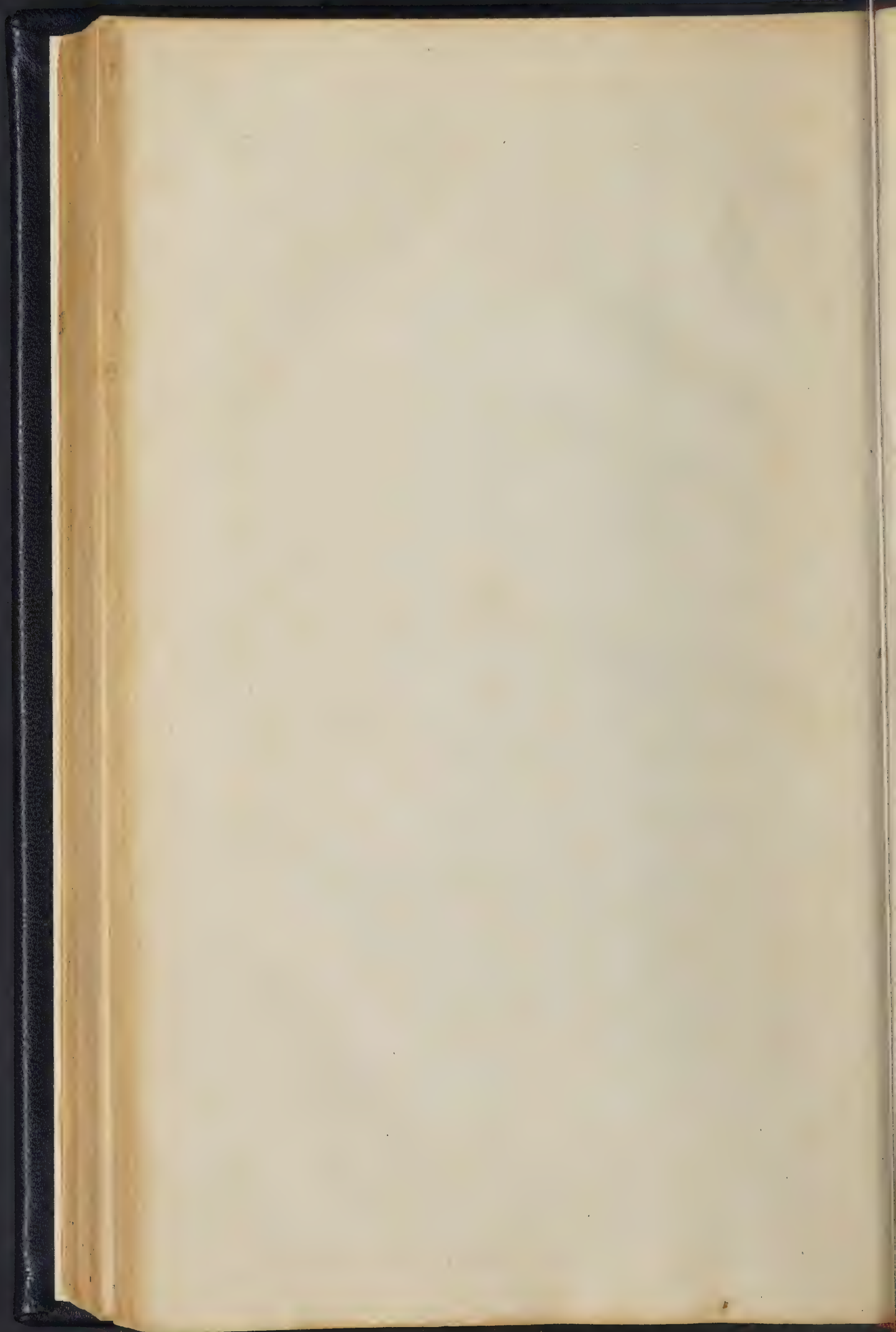
KNOPPED; *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.—*Knopped; Tied*. Sk.

LITHIE; *Humble*. C.—*Lithy; Humble*. Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

probable

probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.





Mr. URBAN,

THE late publication of a volume of poems, said to have been written by Thomas Rowlie, in the 15th century, having given rise to some ingenious criticisms in your useful Magazine, respecting their authenticity, I beg leave to send you the following fragment of a sermon by the same author. It was given to me some time since by Mr. George Catcott, whose name has been so often mentioned on the present occasion, and to whose inquisitive disposition, and very commendable zeal, the public is principally indebted for the preservation and appearance of these valuable productions of antiquity. It may be necessary to inform you, that, when Chatterton gave this fragment to his friend, he was utterly (and ever after continued) unacquainted with any language but his mother-tongue; and that the citations in these languages, from two antient authors, have been fully authenticated. The poetical talents of our bard are established by the publication of his poems; but the following fragment of a sermon on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, displays him in the more illustrious character of an orthodox divine. Every circumstance which tends to throw light on the history of Rowlie should be given to the public, and his sentiments on so essential a point of the Christian religion by no means suppressed, notwithstanding they may not have the sanction of an age unhappily overgrown with arianism and infidelity. Chatterton himself, although he totally disbelieved the subject of the fragment, had, however, the ingenuity to produce it; and I am sorry that the ingenuous editors had not thought it (and some others of Rowlie's prose productions in their possession) worthy of being published together with his poetical compositions.

Yours, &c. A. B.

I have been favoured with the perusal of some prose MSS. now in Mr. Catcott's possession, that prove Rowlie's existence beyond the possibility of a doubt.

FRAGMENT.

"Havynge whylomme ynn dyscoursfe provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moſte bee ſuppliedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communynn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche

GENT. MAG. Sept. 1777.

bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyſte hys flocke ynn theſe wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communjonn bee wythe you*. Lette us dhere deſyerr of hymm toe ayde us, I ynn unplyteynge and you ynn underſtandyng hys deeite: lette us ſaye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adeſto, Sancte Spiritus, & paracleſin tuam expeſtantibus illabere celitus; ſanctifica templum corporis noſtri, & conſecra inhabitaculum tuum*. Seyncte Paulle ſayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyn bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne prooffe of the perſonne and glorie of the thyrde perſonne. The perſonne, gyffes, operatyonns, glorie, and deeite, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved fromm diſfraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter ſayethe, of the ſame eſſentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moſte undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyn will of Godde moovedd uponn the waterr att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeite. I ſayde, ynn mie laſte diſcourſe, the promyſe of Chryſte, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the ſoughle of hys decyples; howe coulde heie ſoe but bie myſſyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyn the perſonallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonn and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttſelfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, ſythence bie hymm wee bee toe faſt keepe yeſe good thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt ſelfe, meethynckes the cuſtos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of thoſe goode thynges, and bie hys obeifaunce dheie mote alleyn bee helde. I maie notte bee doſtyſh ne hereticalle toe ſaie, whate wee calle conſyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte to forſake our evylle waies before he dothe ſolely leave our ſteinedd ſoughles. Nete bee a greaterr proceſſe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forſlaggenn hymm, hee agayne rayſedd mann fromm the duſte, and havethe ſavedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; hee rayſedd Chryſte fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, ande

hee

hee schalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the possellynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seynôte Gregorie Naz, of the Spryte and hys wurchys, "Γενναῖαι Χεῖρες προτεῖχει· Βαπτίζεται μαρτυρεῖ· Πειραζεται· ἀναγῖ· Δυναμεις ἐπιτελεῖ· συμπαραμαρτεῖ· Ἀνέσχηται."

MR. URBAN,

THE abstract, which you inserted in your last Magazine, of some dissertations contained in the 4th volume of Archæologia, induced me to procure this work; which intirely answered to my preconceptions of it. I found it filled with such suppositions and minute observations, as proceed from itching fingers to write down all one's thoughts, although one lose thereby all sight of the main question, and argue as often in favour of an adversary as against him, or ramble into subjects totally foreign to the purpose; as might be easily shewn, not only in regard to Mr. Combes's Dissertation, but also Mr. Barrington's, and some part of Dr. Miles's likewise: nay, even Mr. Bryant himself has sometimes framed suppositions in direct contradiction to the purport of his own argument; of which these gentlemen have taken advantage. All this proceeds from a desire of displaying one's own skill at logomachy, rather than of discovering truth. As you have not room for probing any errors to the bottom, but only for skimming slightly over the surface of things, I shall confine myself to a few remarks.

Mr. Combes has prefaced the Dissertation of Abbé Barthelemy with this remark of his own concerning me: "The anonymous objector to Mr. Bryant's Vindication of the Apamean Medal, appears little acquainted either with medals or Greek; for if we retain his reading, this portion of the legend ΟΥ. Β. ΑΡΧΙ. becomes inexplicable."—He may have guessed right that I have no knowledge of Greek; conjecture is the chief argument of antiquarians; it is not only their *ultima*, but their *prima ratio* *. I mean not by this designation those who so-

berly and cautiously search into subjects of antiquity, but those dabblers who are so fond of the parade of being thought *amateurs*, as to conceive that all knowledge is centered in rusty inscriptions; and a school-boy's skill in Greek; which are in fact no higher attainments than to be still at one's primer. To be able to reason justly is the only mark of a scholar; and the conclusions which follow from this habit form the man of judgment, the true amateur, a lover of reason, the characteristic of man: what falls short of this is no better than the art of trifling with an air of importance. Now, how does it appear true, that those Greek abbreviations would be inexplicable? Are they not subject to as many different senses and even different readings as Αρεται and Νωε have been before the Abbé cleared up these words? Cannot an antiquarian just as easily make those abbreviations speak sense, as Mr. Barrington prove Νωε to be good Greek for Ovid's conundrum, "*Nos duo turba fumus*:" Metam. l. 1. vid. Dissert. 21. We need only, like Mr. Barrington, change Ι into Ε, and presto, be gone, νωε will become similar to σφωε in an instant. Mr. Barrington calls Mr. Bryant a gentleman eminently distinguished for his learning and abilities, and Dr. Mills says he is a treasure of learning; yet Mr. Bryant has proved already, that αεχ and αετ have the very same meaning; what is αεχ in one medal, may therefore be αετ in another: and accordingly Dr. Mills confesses, "that the words Νεω and Νωε, under the conduct of Mr. Bryant's able pen, may be taught to speak the very same language." And he might have said the same of most amateurs in medals. Dr. Mills only doubts whether the addition of a final Κ in Νεωκ might not be such a choaky consonant as to stick in Mr. Bryant's throat. How then could Mr. Combes pronounce those abbreviated Greek words inexplicable by me? especially if it be moreover considered, that the reading of them is still subject to as many doubts as the sense: for Mr. Barrington affirms, "that the Florentine medal has no Β after ΟΥ; nor any character which could ever have been so, as it is rather a Roman S— with a stroke added to it." And this is in part confirmed by Dr. Mills's plate of the same medal; excepting, only, that the stroke is in his plate a perpendicular one, instead of

* Alluding to the inscription on canon, *ultima ratio regum*.

Memoirs of Sir William Canynge, chiefly collected from Rowley's Poems.

SIR William Canynge, whom Rowley justly styles "a grete and goode man, the favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the fadre of hys natyve cittie," was a younger son of a citizen of Bristol. In his youth he gave early dawns of wisdom and learning;

"As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne."

Story of Mr. William Canynge, p. 283.

He was also of a comely person, but married, it seems, for love, without a fortune. Soon after, however, his father and elder brother, who both loved money as much as he despised it, died, and left him large estates in land and money, with his brother John * dependent upon him; on which he founded a chauntry for their souls,

"And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he Lorde Mayre of Londonne
towne was made," *Ibid. p. 284.*

in the year 1456. But soon this dawning was overcast by the death of his wife, his second self. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and, besides several other charities, founded an alms-house or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliff-hill, and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliff, the finest parish-church in England,

"The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Brystowe and the Westerne
lande." *On our Ladies Chyrche.*

When Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed at Bristol for treason in 1461, Edward IV. Canynge, being then mayor, made great intercession for him to the King †, who heard him graciously, having been much his friend, though he would not grant his request. When he was knighted does not appear. Rowley has dedicated to him his tragedy of *Ælla*, in two epistles. To that of Godwyn Canynge wrote the prologue, and in it acted the part of

King Edward the Confessor. Four poems of his are also printed with Rowley's. In 1467, a 2d match being proposed by the King between him and a lady of the Wideville (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into orders purposely to avoid it, being ordained acolythe, by his friend Bishop Carpenter ‡ of Worcester, 19 Sept. and receiving the higher orders of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest, 12 March, 1467, the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively. Being then made Dean of the collegiate church of Westbury, Wilts, with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college. Soon after his taking orders, he gave, by a deed of trust, dated 20 October, 1467, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to St. Mary Redcliff church, "*certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges* ||, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory, one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest, cut in white marble. Besides his many other charitable donations, he settled lands to pay 44l. per annum to the Sheriffs, in lieu of toll demanded by them at the city gates. For an account of the chests deposited by him in Redcliff church, see pp. 272-3.

Sir W. Canynge had also a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected with very great expence, and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio, Rowley says, "was a presente wordie of a grete Kynge;" and the loss of it will be sincerely regretted by the friends of literature, as the writings might have thrown some

† Rowley, in his dedication of *Ælla*, says,

"Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
He wysche you healthe and felinesse (r)
for aie." (r) Happiness.

|| Sir Theobald Gorges was a Knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's *Itin.* Vol. vii. p. 98.) He was an actor in both Rowley's tragedies, and wrote one of the *Mynstrelles Songes* in *Ælla*, p. 91. "Rowley, Iscamm and Tyb. Gorges," are mentioned by Canynge as three of his friends, in his "Accounte of his Feast."

* Called *Thomas* by Stow, in his list of Mayors.

† Then Maister Canynge soughte the Kinge.

And felle downe onne hys knee;

"I'm come," quod he, "unto your Grace,

To move your clemencie."

The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

light on the learning of those times. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius and a liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts. Rowley, it appears by his writings, lived in the greatest intimacy with him, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generosity. On all occasions he shews his gratitude to his illustrious friend, takes perpetual delight in dwelling on his many amiable virtues, and constantly manifests an earnest desire of transmitting his fame to posterity. This appears not only in many of his poems, but also in the following prose work, preserved by Chatterton, and printed in the Town-and-Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, which, as a literary curiosity, our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to see re-published here, with several corrections. For other particulars of this Mæcenas of the Bristol Virgil, they must wait till Mr. Barrett favours the world with his history of that city.

Some farther Account of this extraordinary Person, written by Rowley the Priest.

“ I WAS fadre confessor to masteres Roberte and mastre William Cannings. Mastre Roberte was a man after his fadre's own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces'd master Roberte, and by master William's desyre bequeathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of my selfe to him.---Fadre, quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so farr distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learnd priest; if you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it shall be mickle to your profits.

“ I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyngs, if of anie account, at any price. Consented I to the same, and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the minster of our ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a steeple, contrived for the belles when runge to swaie out of the syde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Sy-

mon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesome rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

“ Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyngs.---The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form of a crosse, the end standing in the ground; a long manuscript was annexd. Master Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.---The tale of the drawers deserveth relation.---Thomas de Blunderville, a preeffe, although the preeffe had no allows, lovd a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years.---His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lovd by Thomas, son of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the Minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheles had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instantly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asyde and disclofd to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre.---Yoing Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

“ He drew manie fine drawyngs on glafs.

“ The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargaynd 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badian Y'allyanne, who did lyve in the rayne of kyng Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havng been tendred fyx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventree. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyngs, all the works of mickle cunning.---Master William culd the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawyng in Durham church hee did send me.

“ Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatills are more worth then you gave; take this for your paynes: so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.---The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put

put up, and somme houses neer the old church erased; it was drawn by Assema, preest of St. Cutchburts, and offered as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.---I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hyll, often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.---In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings send for me to avoid a marriage which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he neer had seen, of the familie of the Winddivilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.---Mr. Cannings instantly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was repaire and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyns withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 markes, which made him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more then I did think my self did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett my self diligently to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performd and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire, of Ashley, for another.---Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advysd me to tender it to no man, beyng the menn whose name were therein mentiond would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinne his wife did come out, and made a dinne, to speake by a figure, would have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to gett away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advysd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.---Master William offered me a Cannon's place in Westbury-Collige, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to staie at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaire since Robert Confull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house, and brynging my chattles from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repays no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repaying lease for 99 years, he thinking it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

Mr. URBAN,

IT will be quite consistent with that liberality of sentiment which distinguishes your *Review of Books*, if you will point out to the ingenious Translator of "Pieces from M. Falconet" (see *Gent. Mag.* p. 331) two errors (most probably of the press) which at present materially affect his sense.

P. 11, l. 5, read "totally unmoved."

P. 26, l. ult. read "cut out."

The latter of these is the more unlucky, as the word *renforcement* in the note is likewise wrong.—If this little volume had not been in other respects a correct performance, I should have deemed these remarks superfluous.

EUGENIO.

* * In *Gent. Mag.* p. 338, col. 1, last line of the note, for "buried," &c. read "burned like a heathen."

Mr.

Mr. URBAN,
IN your Magazine for June, 1775, you have given Sir John Ayloff's description of an ancient picture in Windsor castle.—Looking over, the other day, Dr. Ducarel's Anglo-Norman Antiquities, I found in the Appendix a particular account of the persons appointed for the procession, (which I have here inclosed). If you think it will in any ways illustrate the picture, by inserting of it you will oblige your constant reader,

SAM. JAMES.

“The Appointment for the King and the Quene to Canterbury and so to Callais and Gwisnes, to the meeting of the Frenche King, A. 1520.
“Copied from a manuscript of that time, remaining in the Lambeth Library, and marked No. 285.

Legate of the Pope.

Cardinal Wolsey, The Lord Legate	{	Chap-	
		lains 12	
		Gentle-	
		men 50	
		Servants	
		238	
		Horses	
		150	

Archish. of Cantor.

Will. Warkham, The Archbishop of Cantor.	{	Chapl. 5
		Gentle- men 10
		Serv. 55
		Horses 30

Dukes 2.

(Edward Stafford)	The Dukes of Buckingham and Suffolk	{ <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Chapl.</td> <td>5</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Gent.</td> <td>10</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Serv.</td> <td>55</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Horses</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>30</td> </tr> <tr> <td>to each</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	Chapl.	5	Gent.	10	Serv.	55	Horses			30	to each	
Chapl.	5													
Gent.	10													
Serv.	55													
Horses														
	30													
to each														
(Charles Brandon)														

Earls 10.

Geo. Talbot, Com. Shreusbury	} Chap- lains 3 Gentle- men 6 Serv. 33 Hof. 20 to eche of them
Will. Courtenay, Com. Devon.	
Ralph Nevill, Com. Westmoreland	
Henry Stafford, Com. Stafford	
Richard Grey, Com. Kent.	
Henry Percy, Com. Northubl.	
Henry Stafford, second son of Duke of Bucks, Com. Wilton	
Chas. Somerset, Com. Wigorn	
Joh. de Vere, Com. Oxon.	
Henry Bouchier, Com. Essex.	

Tho. Howard, } Erle Marshall } Erle be-
(Earl of Surry,) } cause of
his of-
fice, but
horfes as
the rest.

Marquis. 1.

Thomas Grey, the Marquis of Dorset.	[Chapl. 4
Bish. of Duresm.	[Gentl. 3
Thomas Ruthall, the Bish. of Duresm.	[Serv 44
	[Hors. 26
	[to eche

Bish. of Duresm.

Thomas Ruthall, the Bish. of
Duresm.

Bishops 4, besides Cantor. and Duresme.

Nicholas West, Epus Elye	Chapl. 4
John Kite, Archtep. Armacen	Gentl. 6
Geoffrey Blythe, Ep. Chester	Serv. 23
Joh. Voyſie, Ep. Exon	Horf. 20
	to eche

Geoffrey Blythe, Ep. Chester

Joh. Voycie, Ep, Exon

1880

Barons 21.

Com. Kildare	
Lo. Sir John	Chap- lains 2
Lo. Roos	
Lo. Maltravas	
Lo. Fitzwater	
Lo. Aburgavenye	Gentle- men 2
Lo. Mounrecute	
Lo. Hastings	
Lo Ferras	
Lo. Barney's	
Lo. Darcy	
Lo. Laware	
Lo. Brooke	Servants 18
Lo. Lombey	
Lo. Harbert	
Lo. Jo. Grey	
Lo. Rich. Grey	
Lo. Leon Grey	Horses 12
Lo. Daubney	
Lo. Edm. Haward	to eche
Lo. Curfon	

Knights of the Garter 3.

Sir Edw. Poyninge	{	Chapl. 2
Sir Henry Marney	{	Gent. 2
Sir William Sands	{	Serv. 18
	{	Herf. 12
	{	to eche

Sir Henry Marney

Sir William Sands

Counfellors Spiritual 4.

The Secretary	} Chapl. x Serv. ix Horses 8 to eche
The Master of the Rolls	
The Dean of the Chaple	
The Almoner	

The Master of the Rolls

The Dean of the Chapel

The Almoner

Knights Bachelors 83.

Sir Nich. Vaux	Chaplain
Sir Tho. Bulleyn	
Sir Jo. Cutts	
Sir Jo Wyndham	
Sir Andr. Wynfor	
Sir Mor. Barkley	
Sir Tho. Nevill	
Sir Jo. Husey	
Sir Jo. Heron	
Sir Rich. Weston	
Sir Joh. Daunceye	
Sir Hen. Gyltdford	
Sir William Kingston	
Sir Nic. Wadham	
Sir G. Chamblain	
Sir W. Parre	
Sir Edw. Nevill	
Sir Pierce Edgecombe	
Sir Will. Morgan	Horses
Sir John Cornwall	
Sir Jo. Hungerford	
Sir Edw. Wadham	
Sir Will. Askue	

Sir

Proceſſion of Henry VIII. to meet the French King.

429

Sir Cha. of Willobie	Chap- lains 1	Jo. Cheyn	Chapl. 1
Sir Will. Hanford		Richard Corneraile	Serv. 14
Sir Tho. West		Nic. Carewe	Horfes 8
Sir Edw. Hungerford		Frances Bryan	to eche
Sir Henry Long		The Knight Marshall.	
Sir Jo. Heydon		Sir Henry Wyot, over and above	Men 6
Sir Rob. Brandon		other Knights, for his office	Horfes 6
Sir Ant. Wingfield		of the Knight Marshall	
Sir Jo. Peache		Sceurers with Light Horfes.	
Sir Da. Owen		Sir Griff. Rice	Men 100
Sir Wistam Brown		Sir William Bulmer	Horfes 100
Sir Edw. Belknap		Sir Richard Tempest	
Sir Will. Fitzwillm		Ambassadors.	
Sir Will. Compton		The Emperor's Ambassador	Men 20
Sir Rich. Gernegan			Horfes 18
Sir Will. Effex		The Ambassador of Venice	Men 18
Sir Ar. Plantagenet			Horfes 18
Sir Will. Barington		Chapleins 10.	
Sir Edw. Gyldford		John Longland, The Dean of	
Sir Edm. Walsingham		Sarum.	
Sir Jo. Talbot, young.		Thomas Dalby, The Archdeacon	Servants 6
Sir Jo. Rayland		of Richmond	
Sir Ra. Egerton		Doct. Taylour	
Sir Ant. Poyntz		Doct. Knight	
Sir Tho. Newport		Doct. Fell	
Sir Will. Husey		Mr. Stokesley	Horfes 4
Sir Tho. Burgh, young.		Mr. Higons	
Sir Rob. Constable		Doct. Ranson	
Sir — Finche	Servants 11	Doct. Powell	
Sir Jo. Seymour		Doct. Cromer	to eche
Sir Jo. Awdley		Secretary.	
Sir Will. Pafton		Jo. Mentas, Secretary for the	Serv. 5
Sir Ric. Wentworth		French	Horfes 6
Sir Art. Hoxton		Postmaster.	
Sir Phillip Tylney		Bryan Tewke, Master of the	Serv. 3
Sir Jo. Veer		Posts	Postes 4
Sir Jo. Marney			Horfes 8
Sir Ric. Sacheverell		Clerks of the Signet and Privy-Seal.	
Sir Ric. Carewe		Clerke of the Signet 2	Serv. 3
Sir Jo. Gaynsford		Clerke of the Pryvie Seal 2	Horfes 4
Sir Jo. Nevill			to eche
Sir Jo. Gifford		Sergeants at Armes 12.	
Sir Tho. Luche		Sergeants at Arms 12	Serv. 1
Sir Edw. Grey			Horfes 2
Sir Will. Smyth			to eche
Sir Roul. Viellevill		Kinges at Armes 3.	
Sir Edw. Bullein		Garter	Serv. 3
Sir Jo. Raynsford		Clarentieux	Horfes 3
Sir Gi. Strangwith		Noriey	to eche
Sir Will. Skevington		Heraultz at Armes 7.	
Sir Edw. Brax		Windfor	
Sir George Hervye		Richmont	
Sir Gi. Capell		Yorke	Servants 1
Sir Edw. Ferrars		Lancastre	Horfes 2
Sir Gilb. Talbot	Horfes 8	Carlett	
Sir Jo. Burdett		Montorgeul	
Sir Will. Perpoint	to each	Somerfet	to eche
Sir Griff. Deon	of them.	Purseyantz.	
N. B. Sir Wm. Perpoint was a Knight-Banneret.		Rouger. 12	
Esquyers 14.		Elew mantell	
Thomas More	Chap- lains 1	Porteuys	
Thomas They		Ruge Dragon	Horse 1
William Gascovn		Calleis	to eche
John Mordant		Risebank	
Edw. Pomroye	Servants 11	Guyfnea	
Henry Owen		Hames	
Godfrey Foulgeam			
Thomas Cheyn	Horfes 8		
Wm. Courtenay			
William Coffen	to eche		

430 *Proceſſion of Henry VIII. to meet the French King.*

Mynſtrells, Trompettz, the Garde.

Mynſtrells
Trompettz

The Garde, 200, whereof one 100 horſes

The Chambre.

The King's Chambre 70 perſons { Ser. 150
Horſes 100

The Houſehold.

The King's Houſhold Officers { Servants 216
Horſes 70
266

The Stable and Armory.

The King's Stable and Armory { 211
Horſes of the Kings
and ther own
205 perſons

Sum totall of allowances for the { Servants 3574
Kings trayn Horſes 2451

Besides

The Legate
The Archb. of Contor.
Dukes - 2
Biles - 10
The Marquis
Biſhops - 5
Barons - 21
Knights of the Garter 3
Councellers Spirit 4
Knights Bachellors 83
Eſquiers - 14
The K. Marshall
Scurers - 3
Ambaſſadors - 2
Chaplains - 10
The Secretary
The Poſtmaſter
Clarks of the Signet 2
Clarks of the Pryvie Seal 2
Sergeants at Armes 12
Kings at Armes 3
Herauts at Armes 7
Purcevaunts - 8
Mynſtrells and Trompetts 30
The Garde - 200
The Kings Chambre 70
The K. Houſh. Officers 266
The K. Stable & Armoire 20

--- being added to the nombre
of ſervants above wrytten,
and the horſes; the hole
ſum of the King's Trayn
to Gwyſnes, for his own
perſon, is { Men 4538
Horſes 3415

The QUENES TRAYNE.

Lo. Chablain.

Tho. Stanley { Erle of Darbie { Chapl. 6
Lo. Chamberlain { Serv. 33
Horſes 20

Biſhops 3.

Joh. Fiſher, Epus Roſſenſis
Chas. Boothe Epus Herf.
G. de Athequa Epus Landaph

{ Chapl. 4
Gentl. 6
Serv. 33
Horſ. 20
to eche

Barons 4.

The Lo. Montjoye
Lo. Wylloughbye
Lo. Cobham
Lo. Morley

{ Chapl. 2
Gentl. 2
Serv. 23
Horſ. 12
to eche

Knights 23.

Sir Robert Pointz
Sir Thomas Tyrrell
Sir Jo. Lyſley
Sir Adrian Fortefcue
Sir Edward Gryvell
Sir Jo. Hampden
Sir Jo. Kukeham
Sir Mar. Conſtable
Sir Rauffe Verney
Sir — Paus
Sir Ra. Chamblain
Sir Robert Clere
Sir Jo. Henynham
Sir Roger Wentworth
Sir Jo. Villers
Sir Jo. Aſheton
Sir Hen. Sacheverell
Sir Jo. Shelton
Sir Phillip Walthorpe
Sir Wm. Walgrave
Sir Thomas Lynde
Sir Matthew Brown
Sir Jo. Mordaunt

{ Chapl. 1

{ Serv. 11

{ Horſes 3

{ to eche

Chaplains 6.

Maſter Peter
Maſter Mallet
Maſter Chriſtofer
Maſter Deſnt
Maſter Payne
Sir John Swayne

{ Serv. 3

{ Horſes 2

{ to eche

Duchefs of Buckingham.

The Duchefs of Buckingham

{ Gentle-
wom. 4
Serv. 6
Horſes 12

Comit 5.

Counteſs of Stafford
Counteſs of Weſtmorland
Counteſs of Shreuſbury
Counteſs of Devon
Counteſs of Darby

{ Gentle-
wom. 3
Serv. 4
Horſes 3
to eche

Counteſs Douaiger of Oxford.

Counteſs Douaiger of Oxford

{ Women 3
Serv. 16
Horſes 20

Baroneſſes 16.

Lady Fitzwalter
Lady Bollien
Lady Willoughby
Lady Abetgaveny
Lady Cobham
Lady Eliz. Grey
Lady Scrope

{ Wom. 2

{ Serv. 3

{ Horſes 6

{ to eche
Lady

Lady Hastings } Wom. 2
 Lady Anne Grey }
 Lady Montacute }
 Lady Daubney }
 Lady Montjoye }
 Lady Grey, Ld. Jo.'s wife }
 Lady Brooke }
 Lady Morley }
 Lady Gyldford the elder } to eche

Knights Wyffes 15.

Lady Vaux } Having
 Lady Gyldford, younger } Husbands
 Lady Fetiplace } Women 1
 Lady Sentleger } Servants 2
 Lady Parre, widowe } Horses 4
 Lady Parre, wife } to eche
 Lady Rice }
 Lady Compton }
 Lady D. rrell }
 Lady Finche }
 Lady Hopton }
 Lady Wingfeild, Sir Ant. wife }
 Lady Tylney } Without
 Lady Wingfeild, Sir Rich. wife } Husbands
 Lady Clere } Women 1
 Lady Owen } Servants 8
 Lady Nevill, Sir Jo. wife } Horses 8
 Lady Builein, Sir Edw. wife } to eche

Gentlewomen 25.

Mrs. Carewe } Wom. 1
 Mrs. Cheynie }
 Mrs. Carye }
 Lo. Fitzwat. daughter }
 Mrs. Courteney }
 Mrs. Coffen }
 Mrs. Norris }
 Mrs. Parker }
 Mrs. Fitzwarren }
 Mrs. Gunyngham, wid. }
 Mrs. Wotten }
 Mrs. Bruce }
 Mrs. Brown }
 Mrs. Darnot }
 Mrs. Finche }
 Mrs. Poyntz, Sir Ant. daugh. }
 Mrs. Cornwallis }
 Mrs. Cooke }
 Mrs. Parris }
 Mrs. Cath. Monteria }
 Mrs. Lawrance }
 Mrs. Victoria }
 Mrs. Apleyard }
 Mrs. Anne Wentworth }
 Mrs. Briget Hongan } to eche

Chamberers 3.

Mrs. Kempe } Serv. 1
 Mrs. Mougret } Horses 2
 Mrs. Margery } to eche

The Gardé 50.

Yeomen of the Garde 50 Horses 50

The Q. Chamber 50.

The Q. Chamber, persons 50 } Serv. 20
 } Horses 30

The Stable 60.

The Stable, persons 60 }
 Persons of the Q. and ther own } 70
 horses }

The Quene }
 The Noblemen } 5
 The Knights } 23
 The Bishopes } 3
 The Chapleins } 6
 The Gardes } 50
 The Q. Chamber } 50
 The Stable } 60
 Duchefs of Buck. }
 Count. } 5
 Count. Douaiger }
 Baroneffes } 16
 Knights Wifes } 18
 Gentlewomen } 25
 Chamberers } 3
 Women Servants } 97
 Men Servants } 795
 Horses } 803

Persons
197

Women
69

of al-
lowance

Sum totall of men and women } 1158
 of the Q. Trayne }

Sum totall of horses besides and } 910
 with the allowance }

King's Trayne, persons 4538 }
 Quene's Trayne, persons 1158 } 5696

Horses for the K.'s Trayne 3415 }
 Horses for the Q.'s Trayne 910 } 4325

Mr. URBAN,

I FIND, by your Magazines of July and August last, that many of your readers are at a loss for a reason why the Dog-days are removed near a month earlier in the almanacks than they were formerly. The Dog-days, as they are generally called, are a number of days, during which, the star Sirius rises so nearly with the sun that he cannot be seen. Now, at the time when these matters began first to be taken notice of, this happened about the beginning or middle of July; that is, at the time when, from the accumulation of heat received from the sun, and retained in the earth, over and above what goes off in the night, the hottest weather generally is. But the ancients being unacquainted with this cause, or perhaps not attending to it, and being much addicted to judicial astrology, which taught them to entertain great notions of the secret influence of the stars, &c. they attributed this excess of heat, at that time, to the influence of the Dog-star in conjunction with that of the sun; and from thence these were called the Dog-days: and, moreover, as this time, on account of the great heat, was generally sickly, it was from thence farther inferred, that the influence of this star was baneful; and accordingly we find such an influence attributed to it in all the old books of astrology. So much for the origin of the Dog-days.

But

But all the stars having a progressive motion, or, which amounts to the same thing, the place of the equinox having a retrogressive one amongst the stars, it so happens that the time when the sun rises with this star falls out continually later in each succeeding year; and, of course, the Dog-days have been gradually removed backward also, and in process of time would have happened at Christmas; the absurdity of which, I believe, first occurred to the very ingenious editor of the Oxford Almanack, and who, I suppose, thought that, in this enlightened age, at least, the philosophical reason for the Dog-days, rather than the astronomical one, ought to be retained, notwithstanding the seeming impropriety of continuing the name: and, perhaps, the person who has the superintendency of the Stationers advertisements, happening to coincide in opinion with this gentleman, might this year introduce the alteration into theirs. Whether we ought to retain the name without the idea which gave rise to it, or the idea without the name, I will not attempt to determine. On the one hand, it must be allowed, that it would, according to our present ideas, appear very ridiculous to talk of the Dog-days at Christmas; and on the other, it is not, perhaps, very consistent to call those the Dog-days which have no relation to the object from whence they had their name.

Your correspondent the *Querist* seems to think, with the ancients, that the Dog-star has carried the hot weather along with it into the autumn; in which idea he seems to be joined by your other correspondent F. Y. of *Pontoon*; but for a very different reason, it must be allowed. However, it is very certain, that both the one reason and the other are groundless, and the supposition itself no more than a vulgar error. General conclusions must not be drawn from accidental circumstances; and I am persuaded, that, if the mean heights of the thermometer, in the several months of the last ten years, were compared with those of any former era of the like extent, there would be found little or no difference. The misfortune is, these observations have been but lately made with any degree of accuracy and regularity; and even now are difficult to be come at, as few of those who take the trouble of making them, think of giving them to the public. For some time, indeed, they made a very inte-

resting article in your Magazine: and give me leave to tell you, Mr. Urban, that such a register would do credit to it at all times, could it be procured; and at the same time would take up very little room. A very accurate register of this kind has, indeed, for a few years past, been given in the Philosophical Transactions.

Your correspondent F. Y. may be assured, that we are not now got nearer to the pole than heretofore; since, if we were, the latitudes of places must have been different from what they were formerly; which is not the case, as every day's observations testify. Neither need the *Querist* to dread, in the least, the influence of the Dog-star upon the seasons; although I think some poet or other, whom I have read, gives him the epithets of *sultry* and *raging*. He is so far distant from us, that the burning-glasses of Archimedes, were they in being, would not collect more heat from his rays, than the philosophers of Laputa extracted from their cucumbers.

I cannot conclude without expressing my apprehensions, that your learned correspondent, the astrologer of Chatham, has been misled; and, instead of the ancient, learned, and genuine *Francis Moore, Student in Physic and Astrology*, who has for so many years obliged his admiring country-people with curious and learned prophecies and predictions, he has had obtruded on him one of those illegitimate and spurious pretenders to the celestial science that have lately made their appearance under this our *hydratic* meridian, to the no small disappointment of such Philomaths as have had the imprudence to put their trust in them; for in that which I have, printed for the Company of Stationers, and sold by G. Hawkins, at their Hall, in Ludgate-street, the Dog-days are said to begin on the 3d of July, and end on the 11th of August; namely about the time which, we may suppose, they originally did.

P. Q.

MR. URBAN,

YOU may remember I sent you some Questions which were inserted in your Magazine for January last, but cannot find they have been answered. I have now sent you some more, which I hope will appear in your next. In my last I informed you that I had been blind upwards of 32 years, and never learned letter or figure; the little knowledge

ential variations in minute particulars; and that the portrait of La Belle Feroniere is yet to be seen in cabinets; and the most common opinion is, that her husband was a lawyer, but that is not certain.—The variations, however, in M. Grosley's account, in his Tour through Italy, seem to be considerable, and instructive: "At Lodi we saw the house, room, and *bed*, in which Francis I. contracted the distemper that carried him off: 'tis the corner house of the great square opposite to the cathedral: the tradition is that she was a baker's wife; and the house is still occupied by a baker." Please to observe he doth not pretend to name her; and it might be added, that this gallant monarch and the brother of Montezuma were the two first considerable personages that fell victims to the respective diseases that the old and new world had, according to the common opinion, so lately interchanged.

Dr. Robertson, in his History of America, (II. p. 3, 224.) mentions the Great Captain in Italy. Many readers may not know, that history dignified Gonzalez de Cordova with this title. See Mr. Wraxall, (I. 153.)—So, too, where *the Historian*, in a note, giving an account of some of the highest mountains in the world, says, "The height of that part of Chimborazo which is perpetually covered with snow is 2,400 feet," he should have said, that the part which begins to be perpetually covered with snow commences at 2,400 toises or 14,400 feet above the level of the sea. The whole height of the mountain is 3,380 toises, or 20,280 feet. See London Chronicle, Sept. 25, 1777, p. 301. And such is the height at which the point of perpetual congelation begins under the Equator; but in quitting that, and moving towards the Poles, this line continually approaches nearer and nearer to the earth, so as to touch it at the Poles: the consequence of which is, unless other causes intervene to hinder, that the surface of the earth there is constantly frozen. The French Academicians, to whose learning and resolution we owe information in so many curious points, have calculated the distance of this line from the earth through all its course,

MR. URBAN,

FROM whatever quarter you had Rowlie's "Memoirs of Wm. Canynge," printed in your last Magazine,

they are the most decisive against the authenticity of Rowlie's writings of any thing that has yet been printed.

Let any antiquary who has the least knowledge of drawings of architecture, or other subjects, in the time of Henry I. or later, say, if such drawings as Rowlie pretended to collect were likely to be produced; or why Leland, who had far more antiquarian curiosity, and made a much stricter search, met with no such morceaus. The names of the painter and of the priest of St. Cuthbert, the idea of a church set up in the air like a cross, the rapid ordination of Canynge, the scolding of Mistress Pelham, and the lucky escape of our poor author in a *safe skin*—the repetition of *mickle, greedy of gaine*—the phrase *franke* from the power of Kings, and *person* for *man*—the strained orthography, the flimsy disguise of a few terminal letters, the frequent short sentences, and the general turn of style so antico-modern, and so modern-antique, are such proofs of forgery, that one must suspect a third person* concealed behind the curtain, who, having lost one tool, makes use of some other to dispense his frauds. This imitator of antiquity is not above the rank of one in a novel or a newspaper, nor has he read a tenth part of what our classical imitators of antiquity have furnished themselves with before they attempted the smallest imitation. Rowlie's style is not so ancient as that of Latymer's Sermons.

It is of the highest importance to have this literary imposture detected; not for the sake of adding to the list of our poets or antiquaries, but for the honour of the city of Bristol, which either has or has not preserved the memorial of her benefactor, and done justice to his liberality. If the corporation, like that of Gloucester in a recent instance, have grossly perverted the benefaction, they will have no will or deeds to produce: if they have not suffered them to perish, to conceal their shame, as they suffered the archives of Redcliffe church to fall a prey to the clerk's penury, and his

* This seems the more probable, as after Chatterton recanted his first Battle of Hastings, he *after a considerable time* (see the Editor's preface, p. xxii) produced the second, and *some time after* brought the conclusion of this. These intervals were necessary for minting, and we may depend upon it the impostor was hard at work to cook up these mungrel poems.

482 *Account of a Man with a Child growing out of his Breast.*

son's ingenuity, after keeping them barricadoed for centuries, it is incumbent on them to authenticate the whole history of William Canynge, and on Mr. Barrett, their historian, as he values his own reputation, to leave no stone unturned till he has dragged the impostor into open day. H. D.

MR. URBAN,

THOUGH I cannot wholly gratify your correspondent, (whose signature is the word *Curious*, in your Magazine for August, page 375,) by explaining the cause of so wonderful a production as that of a child growing out of a man's side; yet to confirm the possibility of such an event, and the veracity of Mr. Shaw, the relator of it, I herewith transmit to you a narrative of a similar case, published by Bartholine, of which he himself was an eye-witness, and of the truth of which I myself have very little doubt.

Thomas, son of Gaspar Bartholine, was an accurate and judicious naturalist of the last century, in the kingdom of Denmark. He was Royal Professor of Anatomy at Copenhagen; and, besides many other writings, published some centuries of uncommon anatomical histories. In the first volume of these, entitled, *Historiarum Anatomicarum rariorum Centuria I. et II.* dedicated to Frederick the Third, then king of Denmark, and published at the Hague in the year 1654, is the following curious relation. The author wrote it in Latin, but, for general information and entertainment, as the account has not, to the best of my knowledge, been before translated, I therefore now send it to you in English. It is his sixty-sixth history, p. 102, and is entitled, "*Frater pectori fratris connatus*," or rather connexus.

"Twice, says he, I saw with astonishment Lazarus Colloredo, a Genoese, aged about 28, first at Copenhagen, afterwards at Basil, in Switzerland. This Lazarus had a small brother born with him, growing out of his breast, and adhering to him, if my conjecture is right, by an union of the Xiphoides, or sword-shaped Cartilage, with the Sternum. This little brother had but one, and that the left leg and foot, which hung down; he had two arms, but no more than three fingers on each hand; the rudiments of a pudendum appeared on him; and, if a pressure was made against his breast, he moved his hands, ears, and lips:

He received no food or nourishment but through the medium of the body of his greater brother Lazarus; and what excrement he had was emitted from his own mouth, nose, and ears. As he slept, sweated, and stirred, when his greater brother was awake, not in motion, and without remarkable perspiration, their vital and animal parts seem to be distinct from each other. They had been both baptized, the greater being named at the font, Lazarus, the lesser, John Baptist. Their viscera, as liver, milt, &c. were common to each.

John Baptist's eyes were generally shut, and his respiration but weak; for when I held a feather to his mouth and nostrils, they gave it but little motion; though when I placed my hand near his face, I had a gentle sensation of the warmth of his breath. His mouth, ever wet with saliva, open and gaping, discovered no want of teeth, though no part of him seemed to increase in size, from the nourishment communicated to him, except his head, which was much larger than that of his greater brother Lazarus, deformed, and with long dangling hair. They both of them had beards; that of Lazarus was combed and kept clean; that of the other, neglected and squalid.

Lazarus was of a proper stature, comely in his person, of morals humane and courteous, with the polite accomplishments of a courtier: he concealed the body of his little brother, and preserved it from injury, by covering it with his own cloak; so that a stranger to his person, at first accosting him, would have no suspicion of the monster underneath. He was commonly in good spirits, though now and then a little dejected, when thinking on his future fate; and as he prefiged that the death of his brother would, by the consequent putrefaction and stench, be the destruction of himself, he therefore became much more solicitous for his brother's preservation than his own. For the satisfaction of my readers, (continues Bartholine,) I here present them with a not unlike effigies of this uncommon monster."

So far our author: He has accordingly annexed to his narrative a neat copper-plate impression, to be seen in the Hague edition of 1654; but it may dissatisfy some of your readers, that he has omitted to date the time when

T H E
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For M A Y, 1777.

ART. I. Rowley's *Poems continued*. Vid. last Month's Review.

WE resume this Article with laying before our Readers such proofs of the authenticity of these poems, as have been communicated to us by our friends and correspondents; among the rest we are particularly obliged to Mr. George Catcott, a learned antiquary in Bristol, and to Dr. Thomas Smith, an eminent physician of Wrington in Somersetshire. The following account comes from the hands of Mr. Catcott :

‘ The poetical compositions contained in this book were most of them written during the contentions between the houses of York and Lancaster : of course they may serve to convince posterity that the flames of civil discord did not entirely consume the genius of poetry ; that this period (which almost every historian assures us was destitute of poetical productions) had its poets, and that this sublime and engaging part of literature was by no means at a stand, even in those disastrous times.

‘ The progress of poetry may justly be considered as the progress of human nature from barbarity to refinement ; and, surely, it must be a pleasing disquisition to trace the gradual advances of the human mind, from its infancy to a state of maturity. It is an observation of Lord Orrery, that no poet or historian of note was born in this calamitous period ; but the fortunate discovery of these valuable works of genius affords a full refutation of his Lordship's opinion.

‘ I think it necessary, for the information of the Public, to mention all I know of the discovery of Rowley's Poems, and what authority I have for believing them to have been really written in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and collected by Mr. *William Canynge* the sole founder of *St. Mary Redcliffe church*, in the city of Bristol, and left by him in the said church at his decease.’

After mentioning what was quoted expressly from him in the preface to these poems (see our last Review) Mr. Catcott thus proceeds :

‘ It does not appear precisely at what time Chatterton’s father made this discovery ; but there are some reasons for thinking it was about the year 1748 ; and particularly it is said, that upon his applying to the vestry for paper to cover the boy’s copy books, the churchwardens, through a strange kind of inattention to things of this sort, told him, that he might make use of the old parchments which were in the chests before-mentioned, and which they supposed were valuable upon no other account. It is impossible to say what, or how many writings were destroyed in consequence of this permission ; but Mr. Chatterton, having, it seems, a taste for poetry, and meeting with several of Mr. Rowley’s compositions in that way, he copied many of them : however, during his life, none of them were made public. At his decease the remaining MSS. and copies fell into the hands of his son, a young man of very UNCOMMON ABILITIES, but BAD PRINCIPLES. His education was no other than what he received from a school on St. Augustin’s Back, in which nothing was taught but English, writing, and accounts. Yet, with these disadvantages, he discovered an UNCOMMON TASTE FOR POETRY, and I have now in my possession some good specimens of his abilities in that way. He was also a great PROFICIENT IN HERALDRY, and very soon made himself acquainted with the OLD CHARACTERS of the MSS. his father left behind him, and as quickly discover’d their value. He was not, however, of an OPEN OR INGENUOUS DISPOSITION, and, consequently, would never give any SATISFACTORY ACCOUNT of what he possessed ; but only from time to time, as HIS NECESSITIES obliged him, produced some transcripts from these originals, and it was with great difficulty, and some expence, I procured what I have. Knowing that Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon in Bristol, was then writing a treatise on the Antiquities of that city, I introduced young Chatterton to him, and of him Mr. B. purchased some of the originals. He has frequently confessed to me that he destroyed many others, and mentioned the titles of some at that time in his possession, which I could never get a sight of ; as, The Tragedy of the Apostate (of which Mr. Barrett above-mentioned has a short extract) the subject was, a person’s apostatising from the Christian to the Jewish religion. He also informed me that his father (who took great delight in musical compositions) had a book of that sort composed by Rowley ; but I do not recollect, whether his son ever had it in his possession. In transcribing these poems he seems never to have departed from the obsolete language in which

which they were written, unless we suppose him to have done it in some instances in the *Bristow Tragedy*, which stands in less need of a Glossary than any of the others; in all the rest, at least, he appears to have adhered strictly to the original language, and, in order to make it intelligible, he has added a Glossary to some of them, which, though not complete in all respects, facilitates the reading. It is very observable, in many instances, that, where he could not make out the true original reading, HE HAS INSERTED WORDS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY UNINTELLIGIBLE, rather than supply others from the current stock. Many proofs of this may be seen in the Tragedy of *Ælla* (see an extract from this in our last Review) which seems to have been transcribed, from the beginning to the end, with the most scrupulous attention. The language of this tragedy is pathetic, and the situations are affecting. Prior to Rowley's time the plays were mostly taken from holy writ, and the church was the theatre where, sometimes, the most monstrous absurdities were exhibited. In his Epistle to Mr. Canynge, previous to this tragedy, he seems to have broken through the prejudice of the times in which he lived, and to have introduced a new kind of drama, almost upon the same plan on which our present theatrical compositions are formed: his words are these:

Plaies madde fromme hallie tales I holde unmete,
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
 Whanne as a manne wee Godde and Jesus treate,
 Ynne mie poore mynde wee doe the Godhedde wronge.

In 1770, Chatterton went to London, and carried all this treasure with him, in hopes, as we may very reasonably suppose, of disposing of it to his advantage; he accordingly applied, as I have been informed, to that learned antiquary, Mr. Horace Walpole, but met with little or no encouragement from him; soon after which, in a fit of despair, as it is supposed, he put an end to his unhappy life, having first cut to pieces and destroyed all the MSS. he had in his possession.

With respect to the antiquity of these poems, it needs only to be observed, that Mr. Canynge, the great friend and patron of Rowley, died in the year 1474, and by his will directed that these, together with a vast collection of other writings, sufficient to fill three or four large chests, should be deposited in *Redclift church*, in the room before-mentioned, requesting that the mayor and chief magistrates of the city, attended by the town-clerk, together with the minister and church-wardens of the parish would annually inspect the same, and see that every thing was carefully preserved; ordering, moreover, that AN ENTERTAINMENT SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD. Mr. Canynge indeed had used the utmost precaution for their security,

for before you entered the room where they were deposited, you had to pass through three doors, each of which has three different locks, Rowley says in a MS. of his own writing, now in Mr. William Barrett's possession, that the chest which contained the folio ledger was bound round with iron, and had on it six different locks, which were to be opened by the several trustees. This chest remains entire to this day, in the room before mentioned; from whence we may very reasonably conclude, that what was contained under these locks, was of no small value in the estimation of that great man, whom Rowley, in some MS. memoirs of himself, styles in very emphatical language, "The favcuryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the sadre of hys natyve cittie, the grete and goode Wylllyamm Canynge, &c."

Mr. Canynge had likewise a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected at a very great expence; and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio Rowley says, "was a presente wordie of a grete kynge;" and the loss of it will be ever sincerely regretted by the friends of literature; as the writings might have thrown some light on the learning of those times. Mr. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius, and liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts.

It happens very unfortunately that there remains no account of Mr. Rowley, except what we meet with in his own memoirs. From thence it appears that he lived in the greatest intimacy with Mr. Canynge, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generosity. Mr. Rowley's works indeed are a sufficient testimony of his wonderful genius as a poet; but if, besides this, we consider that extreme modesty (so inseparable from great minds) with which he speaks of himself, and what he calls his "unwordhie poems," that warmth of gratitude shewn upon all occasions to his illustrious friend; the perpetual delight he takes in dwelling upon his many amiable virtues, and the earnest desire which he so constantly manifests of transmitting his fame to posterity; all these things give us so high an idea of the goodness of his heart, that we cannot forbear loving the man, as much as we admire the poet.

Mr. Catcott, who appears to have written the above, about five years ago, has, upon later application and inquiry, formed a second memoir concerning Rowley's works, of which likewise he has favoured us with a copy. It is as follows:

My acquaintance with Chatterton was accidental. Being one day, in 1768, at Redcliff church, with a friend of mine, he observed that some ancient pieces of poetry had been found there,

There, and that many specimens of it were in the possession of a youth whom he knew. I was soon after made acquainted with him, and he *readily*, and without reward, gave me the Bristow Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Mr. Canynge's Grandfather, and one or two other little pieces. In two or three days after he brought me two originals; I think the Yellow Roll, and the Ode to Ella, which I immediately put into Mr. Barrett's possession. At this time Chatterton could be little more than 15, just come from Mr. Colston's *charity school*; and I well recollect his mentioning the names of *most* of the poems which have since appeared, as being then in his possession. This fact, I think, may be considered as a full confutation of an opinion which has gained some ground, of his being the Author of these poems, and having forged these pretended originals; and I will venture to say, that if any of those gentlemen who affect to disbelieve the evidence brought in proof of the authenticity of Rowley's writings, will divest themselves of all prejudice, they will soon see the absurdity of supposing that a lad of 15, bred up at a *charity school*, without the advantages of a classical education, afterwards hackney-writer to an attorney, and kept confined to his master's business, could at once start from his obscurity, commence a judge of coins, become acquainted with heraldry, write whole sentences of Latin and Greek, for I can produce instances of both, and forge MSS. which discover the most evident marks, both by their characters and style, as well as the nature of the parchment itself, and the manner of the writing, of their being penned at least three centuries ago. To my certain knowledge he understood no language but his mother tongue, so that though he might copy Greek and Latin, he could not compose in those languages. I have already taken notice of the manner of writing. In the Ode to Ella, which is written upon vellum, the characters are, in general, very fair and legible; but what is very remarkable, and which I think may be considered as a strong, if not an undoubted proof of its authenticity, the lines are not kept distinct, but the whole is written in the manner of a prose composition, as was usual, when parchment was so very scarce.

‘ I shall conclude with laying before the candid Reader the following remarks :

‘ In a poem called the *Bristowe Tragedie*, or Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, King Edward the Fourth is represented as sitting in the Minster window to see Sir Charles pass to execution. St. Ewin's church was then the City Minster, and in the books of the church there is now to be seen a charge for fitting up the church for the reception of King Edward in the year 1461, and his being in Bristol that year, is confirmed by Howe in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle. From the Old Original

I edger I have extracted verbatim (among several others) the following memorandums, being part of the *Accompte of Peirs*.

" Grenfelde & Wendryk Tayllor Procurators of the sayde chyrche of Seynde Ewins of Brystowe frō the XX daye of March ynn the fyrstezere of Kynge Edwarde the 4th untoe the fyrste daye of Averell, ynn the year yan next ymedyatly suing bye an hool zere and odde days.

Coste don onn the chyrche.

" Item to 1 labourer 7 days, every daye iiij d.	s. d.
i. e. 3 d. - - - - -	xxj d. 1 9
" Item for carrynge awaie the rubbel, j d. -	0 1
" Item for washyng the chyrche pay ven ageyns Kynge Edwarde 4th is comynge iiij d.	
ob. - - - - -	0 4½

" Among the prose MSS. is an account of Bristol, in which Mr. Rowley mentions a church founded by a Johannes Lamingtonn. In pulling down the school-house in 1762, which was the remains of a church or chapel, was found a stone coffin, on which was the name of Johannes Lamingtonn at length, in very legible characters. The stone coffin is now preserved entire in Saint Mary Redcliff church, with his effigies at full length on the cover, habited like a priest, quite perfect, and large as life.

" The following circumstance may, I think, with great propriety, be considered as an additional proof of the authenticity of these valuable remains of ancient poetry, &c.

" The case is as follows: In digging a grave in March 1776, in the chapel at the north entrance into Redcliff church, between two and three feet under the surface of the ground was discovered a very large stone sarcophagus, probably upwards of 1000 years old, at least it is prior to the late St. Nicholas church, which is the oldest in Bristol, and built, as I have been credibly informed, about 900 years ago; and what greatly strengthens this opinion is, that it is made of a peculiar kind of stone, which is not found nearer Bristol than the Forest of Dean, or some parts of Glamorganshire. And as there was a great deal of Dundry stone used in the fabric of St. Nicholas, a considerable part of which is still preserved in the plinth, that, by way of ornament, entirely surrounds the lower part of the present edifice, I think this may very reasonably be urged in favour of its being prior to the late church; for certainly the builders would never have acted so very absurdly as to send so far as the Forest for stone, if they had known it might have been had equally as good and as large so near as Dundry, which is not more than four short miles distant: and this, in my humble opinion, may justly be considered as another strong proof of the authenticity of Rowley's History of Bristol, in which

which it is said there was a church on Redcliff Hill, prior to that built by Sir Simon de Bourton, being founded by Bright-rikus or Bithric in 789, in which the before-mentioned sarcophagus was probably deposited, and indeed, whoever examines it attentively, may easily discover evident marks of remote antiquity.

‘ The subsequent proofs in favour of the authenticity of the before-mentioned MSS. were drawn up by an ingenious gentleman of the faculty.

‘ Supposing alterations accidentally happening from transcribing in the modern hands introduced by Chatterton, do these accidental circumstances conclude against the many claims these MSS. have, in general, to antiquity?

‘ Supposing even that Chatterton had written some things in imitation of Rowley, which, from his abilities and character, it is possible he might have done, even these must have been *trifles*; for when he was first acquainted with Mr. Catcott, and little more than 15, he mentioned most of those pieces which have since appeared as then in his possession: such as the Interlude of the Tournament, the Battle of Hasting, Bryt-towe Tragedie, &c. &c. all very long poems.

‘ Many persons, qualified both as scholars and antiquarians, have fully and on the spot, *where only it can be properly done*, examined the evidences on which these MSS. ground their claim to antiquity; and I do not recollect a single instance of any one who did not appear convinced. Dr. Fry, the late learned President of St. John's, Oxford, particularly examined the whole with the greatest deliberation; was thoroughly convinced of their authenticity; copied most part with his own hand; went very far in making a glossary, and intended completing it.

‘ Mr. Hale, a gentleman near Bristol, and who formerly was in the law, has frequently, and very lately, assured me, that he had not the least doubt of the MSS. being original, both from the writing and the fabrication of the parchment. This gentleman is well qualified to decide on this point. He possesses great numbers of very ancient manuscripts, which were collected by Sir Matthew Hale, whose immediate descendant he is. Mr. Hale has likewise had very uncommon opportunities of information, having in his profession been employed to make abstracts of the old Deeds of many of the churches in Bristol, on account of his being so perfect a judge of old writing.

‘ The late Lord L—— thoroughly investigated this matter, and was convinced.

‘ I recollect that Mr. Barrett gave him a transcript of the Song to Ælla, written in the same manner as the original, like a prose composition.

‘ Lord C—— examined this affair with great attention, went through the whole evidence on the spot, and heard the objections made by the gentlemen of London from themselves, yet is he still convinced that the Poems are authentic.

‘ In 1771, Mr. Harris of Salisbury having a work in hand upon the rise and progress of English Poetry, desired Dr. —— to request Mr. Barrett to send him some specimens of Rowley's Poems, the original of which Mr. Barrett had in his hands, together with an account of the manner in which they were discovered, and the evidence of their originality. Mr. Barrett did so, and Mr. Harris expressed the pleasure he received from them in the highest terms, without even an hint as if he doubted their authenticity.

‘ The Dean of Clogher is likewise perfect master of the proofs, and is convinced that the Poems in general have a claim to antiquity.

‘ Dr. Fry at first very much doubted the authenticity of these Poems, &c. on account of “ the elegance of the language, so very different from what one would have expected in such an age as that in which they were supposed to have been written.”

‘ Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Antiquarian Society, who is well acquainted with obsolete English, and perfect master of ancient characters, and, consequently, as capable as any one of detecting a forgery, had there been any, has minutely examined all the originals on the spot, and is fully convinced they are authentic.’

We have, from the same hands, a curious account of the Temple church in Bristol, copied verbatim from the original, in Rowley's hand-writing, and signed with his name. It begins thus: ‘ Tys uncouth whann this chyrche was fyrste ybuidenn, nathless I rede ynn Bocharde of the revestrie, that ynn 1271 syx wommenne ynn Easter weeke dydd doe penance for ewbrie, goeyng from Seyncte Paulle's Crosse to the new chyrche of the Templarres.’

From several circumstances now found in that church, corresponding with Rowley's account, Mr. Catcott seems to have no doubt of its authenticity.

We have likewise another memoir concerning a sermon said to be written by Rowley, ‘ On the Decitie of Holie Spryte.’ With respect to this Mr. Catcott observes, in a letter to Dr. Smith, ‘ there is a passage in it from Gregory Naz. not a letter of which Chatterton understood.’

We have now put our Readers in possession of all the testimonies, concerning the antiquity of these Poems, that we have been able to obtain. In our next Review we shall attend to the internal evidence, and give our final opinion.

ART.

The intention of the fifteenth discourse (from Heb. i. 1.) is to set forth the different periods and dispensations of religion from first to last; and to explain in what sense every dispensation, whether general or particular, must have something in it *fixed* and *invariable*, and in what sense also it may admit of *variety* and *alterations*.

The sixteenth sermon (from Proverbs xxii. 6) was preached before the Governors of the Charity-Schools in London. Dr. Tucker here strongly recommends the necessity of inculcating the saving truths of the gospel, and the duties of practical religion in the minds of children, especially the children of the poorer sort; and he endeavours to shew, that charity-schools, in conjunction with infirmaries, are almost the only means left, consistently with our present ideas of constitutional liberty, for inculcating into the lower class of people the duties of living piously, righteously, and soberly in this present world.

The last discourse was preached on the 30th of January, from 1 Pet. ii. 17. And here the Dean attempts to prove that the foundation of all human governments, like that of the divine government, consists in power, wisdom, and goodness;—but each of these in a very finite and imperfect manner, even at the best, and often subject to great changes and revolutions for the worse: so that our obedience to such governments ought not to be absolute, or unlimited, without any reserves or exceptions. Nevertheless, as human governments there must be, notwithstanding all their faults and imperfections, he maintains that the *general* duty of the subject is certainly *obedience* and *non-resistance*; and that the *exceptive cases* of resistance must be left to the natural feelings of mankind, which are seldom or never wanting to advertise us in all dangerous cases of this nature. This sermon contains something of the scheme of Dr. Tucker's threatened attack upon Mr. Locke; at the prospect of which, no true friend of that great man feels the least concern. In the application of the sermon to the present times, Dr. Tucker asserts, that the same principles and maxims are now returning, which spread so much misery over these kingdoms once before;—that the same republican schemes are again in agitation;—that the same plans are now forming anew;—that the same engines of destruction are again at work to pull down and demolish our goodly fabrics both in church and state: in short, that there is a settled plan, and a premeditated design of overturning the constitution. This, he thinks, is the true *master-key*, which unlocks and lays open the latent designs of those who oppose the measures of administration. The Dean of Gloucester hath again and again repeated this base and groundless calumny in his political writings;

tings; and he is now willing to sanctify his theology with it. We dare say he is not a little proud of his *master-key*; but, for our parts, we can scarcely help comparing it to the bungling workmanship of some country blacksmith, who finds it difficult to make a key that shall be able to turn a common lock.

Dr. Tucker's style is perspicuous and easy, without being mean; and, on that account, very proper for the pulpit.

ART. VI. *Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol by Thomas Rowley and Others in the Fifteenth Century*; the greatest Part now first published from the most authentic Copies, with an engraved Specimen of One of the MSS. To which are added, a Preface, an introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. 8vo. 5 s. Boards. Payne. 1777.

ON our first opening these Poems, the smooth style of the harmony, the easy march of the verse, the regular station of the cæsura, the structure of the phrase, and the cast and complexion of the thoughts, made us presently conclude that they were *Mock Ruins*.—If such they are, their merit is of no high estimation, it being as easy for a person accustomed to versification, and acquainted with obsolete terms, to fabricate an old poem as to write a new one: but if, on the contrary, they are really productions of the fifteenth century, they are the most extraordinary literary curiosities that this or any recent period has produced: for they would shew us that the graces of numbers, and the refinements of poetical melody, are of no modern date, but belonged to one of the first adventurers in English poesy. This curious question, then, it is our immediate office to investigate, and we enter upon it with the greater satisfaction, as we are in possession of some authentic documents, respecting the inquiry, which do not appear in the work before us.

In the first place it is necessary to adduce the Preface to this publication:

'The poems, which make the principal part of this collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

'This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Public is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection.

His

His account of the matter is this: "The first discovery of certain MSS. having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge, taken, as it was said, from a very ancient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that the person who brought the copy was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and whose family had been sextons of Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who was now dead, had also been master of the free-school in Pile-street. The young man was at first unwilling to discover from whence he had the original; but, after many promises made to him, he was at last prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received this, together with many other MSS. from his father, who had found them in a large chest in an upper room over the chapel on the north side of Redclift church."

' Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton *, and, partly as presents partly as purchases, procured

* ' The history of this youth is so intimately connected with that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

' Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS. "written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk," concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem," in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, translated from the Saxon (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon Heraldry*, with drawings of Saxon achievements, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

' In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the book-sellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "As to Mr. ———, Mr. ———, Mr. ———, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works."

REV. APR. 1777.

S

' In

cured from him copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum*, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

* In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

* The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his ori-

* In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter." In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord-Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his Lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord-Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

* Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.*

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Public, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ginal

ginal MSS. and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him, and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from ancient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

‘ It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question ; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed ; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner which seemed to him best suited to such a publication ; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really ancient, or modern ; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton ; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.’

Hitherto it appears that the personal evidence of the authenticity of these Poems rests entirely on the faith of Chatterton,—on the faith of a vagrant, living by expedients, and equally destitute of property and of principle. We have been credibly informed that this young man carried his MSS. to Mr. Horace Walpole, and that he met with no encouragement from that learned and ingenious gentleman, who suspected his veracity : a circumstance which, certainly, does not speak in favour of the originality of these productions. On the other hand, we have seen part of a letter from Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, in which he thus expresses himself: “ The Poems are universally admired ; but I lament the omission of the proofs, which would have established their authenticity with every one who is open to conviction. The names of the heroes in the Battle of Hasting, who enlisted under Duke William, correspond exactly with the roll of Battle Abbey.”

Some of the proofs to which the Dean here alludes are before us ; but these, and the testimonies arising from the introductory part of this publication, together with our final sentiments concerning its ancient or modern birth, would swell this Article beyond the allowable limits, and must, therefore, be deferred to the ensuing month :—particularly as our Readers will look for a specimen, and wish to form their judgment from that internal evidence, which the Editor, in his Preface, holds out as the only proof.

From the Tragycal Enterlude of ÆLLA.

CELMONDE, at BRYSTOWE.

Before yonne roddie sonne has droove hys wayne
 Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites^a of goulde,
 Mee, happelès mee, hee wyll a wretche behoulde,
 Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces chayne.

*Ab! Birtha, whie didde Nature frame thee fayre?*Whie art thou all that poyntelle^b canne bewreene^c?

Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—

Botte then thie foughle woulde throw thy vyfage sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene^d,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whan bie the sonne made redde,

Orr scarlett, wythe waylde lynnenn clothe ywreene^e,Syke^f woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.

Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte

Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee from hys mosse parte.

And cann I lyve to see her wythe anere^g!*Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.**Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,*And hymm, herr, and myfelfe, attenes^h wyll flea.

Affyst mee, Helle! lett Devylls rounde me tende,

To flea miefelfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtieⁱ friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie priestte dyd make me knyghte,

Blessyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,

Howe bie mie hondè the prevyd^k Dane should blede,

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,

Whyche strooke mie mynde, & roused mie softer soule;

Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd view.

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,

Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,

Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure^l as nowe,

Whann hallie preeft, the lechemanne of the soule,

Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede^m vowe:

Now hallie Ælla's felyness ys grate;

Shapⁿ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate^o.

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, & husbande, syke a joie ys mine;

Botte mayden modestie mosse ne foe faie,

Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,

Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;

Inn sothe, I have botte meeded out thie faie^p;For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente^q,

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,

And on the grassie her lemes^r of silverf sente,

^a robes, mantels. ^b a pen. ^c exprefs. ^d countenance. ^e covered.
^f such. ^g another. ^h at once. ⁱ mighty. ^k hardy, valorous.
^l violence, ^m binding, enforcing. ⁿ fate. ^o lessen, decrease. ^p faith.
^q blinded: ^r lights, rays.

Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie swete to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Oste have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for want of pheeres^s,
Awhylst thie merryemen dyde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semeest all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardelt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous^t looke to thee be sente,
And offrendres^u made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe scarpes^w of scarlette, & syne paramente^x;
All thie yntente to please was lyfied^y to mee,
I faie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawfyn^z olyphanntes^a mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate^b.
Botte hann mie actyonns fraughte^c the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.
I aimm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe nott rate your acheymentes^d soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,
Ne en a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wyll spere,
Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;
A small fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis doe thie volunde^e kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

C E L M O N D E.

Alle bleffynge showre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenyge lyghte,
Inn varied chaunges varied bleffynge shedde,
Besprengenge far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, so bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace,
Wythe selynesse, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungenge mone new joies encrease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

^s fellows, equals. ^t disdainful. ^u presents, offerings. ^w scarfs.
^x robes of scarlet. ^y bounded. ^z large. ^a elephants. ^b destroy.
^c stretched. ^d services. ^e memory, understanding.

Æ L L A.

When fopperes paste we'lle drenche youre ale foe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepster^f swayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hie;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre^g, I wyll goe,
Softlie tryppynge o're the mees^h,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the moss-growne daisy'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erlste mie grandame faie,
Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie monthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzleⁱ chaunts hys noate,
The chelandree^k, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie^l,
Tellynge lecturnyes^m to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratchieⁿ.
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

^f Shepherd.
^k Gold-finch,

^g deceiver.
^l loudly,

^h meadows.
^m lectures,

ⁱ The black-bird
ⁿ apparel.

M A N N E.

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
Rounde the popler twyste his sprae;
 Round the oake the greene ivie
 Florryscheth and lyveth aie.

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
 Come, and doe notte coyen bee;
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

Drooried cattles wylle after kynde;
 Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
 Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;
 I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
 Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,
 Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
 To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
 I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
 So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte that nowe
 Wee attenes^o, thos honde yn honde,
 Unto diviniſtre^p goe,
 And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
 Make us one, at Cothbertes ſhryne.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle^q lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no eſtate;
 Everyche clocke moe love ſhall gyve;
Wee ynn godeneſſe wyll be greate.

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys ſonge, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer ſyngeynge now;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleſſynges telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleſſynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverder, wee have; and, gyff you pleaſe, wille ſynge,
 As well as owre chounge-voyses wyll permytte.

o At once.

p a divine.

q a cottage.

r Lord.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the stryng,
And stret^s, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toc please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'll frayne owre wytte and syng.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddynge flourettes blushes atte the lyghte;
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nest^t yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlesed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whesflyng dynne ys brought,
The evenynge comes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkyne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake Mynstreills syng the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore posse do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte all ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styll.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

So Adam thoughtene, whann, yn Paradyse,
All Heavenne and Erth dyd homage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe unte thie armes, and see
Wynter, and browne hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

T H Y R D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Whanne Autumpne blake^u and sonne-brent doe appere,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynne lese,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynter to fyllle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan all the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the fyghte;
Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Methynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced with somme care.

S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to be of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleynne from chafe^w desyre bee free;
Dheere ys a somwhatt overe yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;
Ne feyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere^x;
Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne fayre:

^s Stretch.^t tender.^u naked.^w hot.^x health.

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
 Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttle fyre;
 Therefore thie seke the fyre of love, to hete
 The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
 Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,
 Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
 Go, take thee swythyn^y to thie bedd a wyfe,
 Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe, *bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was syttyng,
As from the sones here she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte bondes whyte hosen was knyttyng,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,
As ever clowe pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour boulde,
I have ytt as soone as I aske ytt.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnyng,
I styлле wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulte han ne wynnynge.

Eche mornynge I rsye, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Than swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Waltere, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen go to merrie Cloud dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redynge.

Shее sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fat derkynnes was chacynge,
Shее putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym went shее;
So we leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

The Reader is to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages throughout the book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton; and that most of those obsolete words, which, in the foregoing extract, are not explained, may be illustrated by turning to the Glossary, at the end of the volume.

For the testimonies we shall produce in our next Review, we are obliged to some Gentlemen of character and ingenuity in and near Bristol.

ART. VII. *A Voyage round the World, in his Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, commanded by Capt. James Cook, during the Years 1772, 3, 4, and 5.* By George Forster, F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and of the Society for promoting Natural Knowledge at Berlin. 2 Vols. 4to. 2 l. 2 s. Boards. White, &c. 1777.

THOUGH we have had this work too short a time in our hands, to enable us yet to enter upon the narrative part of it; we take the earliest opportunity of explaining the nature and design of the undertaking, and of reciting the most material circumstances relative to the publication: especially as the speedy appearance of another account of the same Voyage, written by Capt. Cook, under the sanction of the Board of Admiralty, has been announced in the public papers. Accordingly, previous to an abstract of the Voyage itself, we shall endeavour to gratify the curiosity of our Readers, by giving an account of the circumstances and motives which induced the Author to undertake this work; so far, at least, as these are explained to us in his prefatory address, and, we may add, hinted at even in his title-page.—In the latter we are first struck with the following *quatrain*:

- ‘ On ne repousse point la *verité* sans bruit,
- ‘ Et de quelque façon qu’on l’arrête au passage,
- ‘ On verra tôt-ou-tard que c’étoit un outrage,
- ‘ Dont il falloit qu’au moins la *honte* fut le fruit.’

DE MISSY.

This motto seems to convey a meaning not very favourable to certain persons unknown. As yet it does not appear to us whether the never-failing prevalence of *truth*, held forth in it, relates only to the Author’s personal concerns, or dealings with those who have the direction of the Admiralty-account of the last circumnavigation; or whether it carries another and more general meaning, relative to matters of a more *public* nature*. Such lights as the Preface affords we shall endeavour to communicate, in the following analysis of it:

After

* Speaking of the intended publication, the Author hints his apprehensions that, in one particular, it may probably resemble Dr. Hawkesworth’s compilation, ‘ where many important observations, *thought obnoxious*, have been suppressed, as is customary in France.’ —‘ The same authority, he adds, which blew off M. de Bougainville from the island of Juan Fernandez, could hush to silence the British guns, whilst the Endeavour cannonaded the Portuguese fort at Madeira.’ —The two circumstances here alluded to, says the Author, are well-known facts, though suppressed in the published narratives. ‘ M. de Bougainville spent some time at Juan Fernandez, and completely refreshed

because, however *true* a revelation may be in itself, i. e. with respect to the persons who have immediately received it, it cannot be *true*, with respect to you and me, or in other words, we cannot be persuaded of its truth, but by our conviction of the accuracy and fidelity of those who relate it; and this accuracy cannot be fully ascertained, but by such a superintendant inspiration, at least, as secures the historian against all *essential* error." Mr. J— makes other very unwarrantable concessions which our Author has sufficiently exposed.

His reply to another objection, founded in the incredibility of some of the scripture doctrines 'strikes at the foundation of all evidence whatever.' The doctrines which he specifies are those of the Trinity and atonement for sin by the sufferings of Christ; and of these, allowing them in the vulgar acceptance to be scripture truths, he says, that 'the one *contradicts* all the principles of human reason, and the other all our ideas of divine justice.' Upon which Dr. M— remarks, that, 'it is as impossible for us to believe them' (on his supposition) 'in our character of reasonable beings, as it is to believe, that twice two makes five, or that an action may be just and unjust at the same time, and in the same circumstances; for every proposition, that evidently *contradicts* the principles of reason, is equivalent to the two now mentioned.'

As the cause of rational Christianity has suffered more from the mistakes and undesigned misrepresentations of its friends than from the utmost powers of the criticism or calumny of its avowed adversaries, these letters cannot fail of being acceptable to the public. Mr. J—'s book, however laudable the design with which it was written, may, without a seasonable antidote of this kind, mislead the unwary reader, propagate erroneous and dishonourable notions of the doctrines and spirit and evidence of Christianity and ultimately disserve the cause which it was intended to promote. Considering the importance of the subject and the character of the writer, whose work has now passed under *review*, our Readers will not be displeased at the particular attention we have paid to it, and the length of the extracts which it has afforded.

ART. VIII. *Rowley's Poems*, concluded.

THE exterior evidence in favour of the authenticity of these Poems (see our Reviews of April and May) rests chiefly on the following circumstances:

The existence of Rowley is determined by Mr. Catcott's testimonies, beyond all dispute.

That he was an author is equally evident, and that he was a poet, there are competent proofs.

The MSS. were brought to light in the year 1748, given up to Chatterton's father, a schoolmaster, to make covers for his boys copy-books. This man, it seems, had a turn for poetry. Of course, he saved, from the mere piety of his taste, such matters as he found of that kind.

The father dies, and the son (at an age when he could not entertain even the idea of fabrication) at the age of fifteen, meeting with Mr. Catcott, gives him readily, and without reward, the Bristow Tragedy, Rowley's epitaph on Mr. Canynge's grandfather, and one or two other little pieces.

At the same time Mr. Catcott 'well recollects' that he mentioned most of the poems, some of them large ones, which have since appeared, as being then in his possession.

The indistinct manner of writing the verses on the parchments, running in the ordinary way of prose, was peculiar to that age, and the MSS. produced by Chatterton were in the same form. These are strong testimonies, and such as it is not easy to invalidate. For what should induce, nay what should enable a boy of fifteen, ignorant of every language but his own, to write long poems in an obsolete style, which, though in poor circumstances, he *readily gave away*? And could he, at the same time, have preconceived the plans of the Interlude of the Tournament, the Battle of Hastings, &c. which he announced to Mr. Catcott on his first application?

That he was an adventurer, that he became an hackney-writer, that he had fancy and invention, that he had necessities without principles to stand in their way, are circumstances, indeed, of no promising aspect towards the originality of our Poems.— But these must all lose their force; for they are all of discovery subsequent to Chatterton's communicating the MSS. to Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett. The charity-school boy of Bristol, when enrolled in the register of Grubstreet, would become a different being. Of the papers which, in his former situation, he had *readily given away*, he would begin to find the value. He would think of mustering and enlarging his collection, and probably have recourse to expedients, as Swift says,

'To swell the volume's price a shilling.'

Here, we apprehend, lies the true state of the matter.

And now for the internal evidence. If our Readers will be pleased to turn to the Review for April, they will find some extracts from these Poems, in which are several verses, and one entire *song*, in Italics. What is so printed we conclude to be the manufacture of Chatterton.

The following stanza is in the *Songe to Ælla*:

Oh thou, whereer (thie Bones att rest)
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whether

Whether upponne the bloud' embrewedd pleyne,
 Orr whare thou kennst from farre
 The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest fomme mountayne made of corse of sleynes.

Those who can suppose that this stanza was written in the fifteenth century must be very little acquainted with the style and manners of our poetry in that period. Only change the orthography and it is perfectly modern:

O thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
 Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
 Whether upon the blood embrued plain,
 Or where thou ken'st from far
 The dismal cry of war,

Or seest some mountain made of corpse of slain.

Compare this with the odes of Gray and Collins, and the marks of imitation will be sufficiently evident. But then there are other passages in the same Poem that have all the appearance of originality.

We shall lay before our Readers a short extract from *the Battle of Hastings*:

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte estfoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls beneath the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
 Its fallen boddie tells you how it stode.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
 With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground;
 And was demasing howe to take his life,
 When he behynde received a ghaftlie wounde
 Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
 Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
 The conquer'd maie claime victorie of you.

The Erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
 Han made his crymson bloude and spirits fle;
 And knowlaching he soon must quyt this lyfe,
 Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
 He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
 And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
 And both together then did take their reste,
 Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;
 And both together soughte the unknown shore,
 Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
 And hie alofe his temper'd fwerd dyd welde,
 Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
 Hys proof steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
 And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,
 And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;
 Mean while the other erlies on the playne
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
 Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
 But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages floode;
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
 Wreck'd all hys shyppying on the Brittish coaste,
 And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
 'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
 The Saxannes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
 'Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouch of the pile,
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede;
 'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Ile
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede:
 O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
 Thou wouldest such murderous acts as these eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
 And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine;
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylling launce,
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
 Of foddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
 A punie wounde, that caufd but little peine.
 So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course;
 But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The earlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

There

There is no doubt to be entertained concerning the originality of this. It wears the genuine, simple, strong-woven garb of antiquity, and could not be the production of a modern pen.

' Their souls from corpses *unaknell'd* depart,'
determines a word of Shakespeare's, about which there has been much puzzling criticism,

' Unhousef'd, unanointed, *unanneal'd*.'
Unknell'd, undoubtedly. The soul's departure unannounced by the sound of the bell, which was to give notice to the people to pray for its safe passage.

There is another expression of the same poet's,

' Th' unravell'd sleeve of Time.'

Something like which we find in Rowley :

So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who, stronglie plac'd, laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercing bange
That he the *sleeve unravels* all their fate.

This alludes to a kind of knitted doublet anciently in use, the texture of which terminating with the sleeve, when that was broke, the whole would ravel off.

Without further quotations, or extending this Article to a greater length, though tempted so to do by many curious circumstances, we do not hesitate to pronounce that these Poems are the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton.

ART. IX. *The History of America*. By William Robertson, D. D. Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland. 2 Vols. 4to. 1l. 16 s. Boards. Cadell. 1777.

FROM the close of the fifteenth century we date the most splendid era in the history of modern times. Discoveries were then made, the influence of which descended to posterity, and events happened that gave a new direction to the spirit of nations. At that period the powers of Europe assumed their political existence; arranged themselves in stations which they still continue to hold, and adopted the maxims of conduct by which their councils are still governed. Internal improvements kept pace with external advantages, and rising from the ruins of antiquity, literature and the arts began to appear. The invention of printing forwarded the revival of letters, by facilitating the study of the ancients. The reformation in religion set on foot a spirit of inquiry, which, extending itself to every thing, laid the foundation of future science. From the slumber of ages the human genius at last awoke, and, after a pause of many centuries, men began to think. To crown this brilliant period, an hardy and adventurous sailor wrought a new scene

To the Printer of the St. J. CHRONICLE.

S I R,

AFTER the Opinion which the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton has delivered concerning the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley, it may be expected that those who maintain a contrary Doctrine, should publish some Arguments in Support of it. For my Part, I shall rather employ Memory than Sagacity on this Subject, and have no Weight to throw into either Scale, except the following Parallels; observing at the same Time, how extraordinary it is that so many Coincidences should be discoverable between Shakespeare, Dryden, &c. and Rowley, whose Name was never heard of till within these ten Years past.

NOW doeth Englonde weare a bloudie Dresse,
And with her Champyones gore her Face
depeyncte. *Eclogue 1. P. 5.*

When I shall wear a Garment all of Blood,
And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask.

K. Henry. IV. Part. I.

The Tournament begynnes; the Hammers
sounded; *Tourn. P. 28.*

The Armourers accomplishing the Knights
With Clink of Hammers closing Rivets up, &c.

K. Henry V.

And Teares beganne to flowe.

Syr C. Bawdin, P. 49.

And Tears began to flow.

Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

The cruelle Axe thatt cuttes thye Necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.

Syr C. Bawdin, P. 56.

For on the Rope that hangs my Dear,

Depends poor Polly's Life. *Beggar's Opera.*

Whie art thou all thatt Poyntelle canne bewreene?

Ælla, P. 76.

Is she not more than Painting can expresse?

Fair Penitent.

Botte thenn this Soughle would throw thy Vysage
sheene. *Ælla, P. 76.*

—— Your noble Sprytes,

Speke yn youre Eyne.

Ibidem, P. 123.

Your Spirits shine through you.

Macbeth.

—— Without Wommen, Menne were Pheeres

To salvage Kynde. ——

Ælla, P. 90.

—— Lovely Woman! Nature made thee

To temper Man; we had been Brutes without
you.

Venice Preserv'd.

And there in Ale and Wyne bes dreyncted everych
Woe. *Ælla, P. 93.*

And drown in Bowls the Labours of the Day.

Pope's Iliad, B. 21.

The Reste from nethe Tymes Masque must shew
yttes Face. *Ælla, P. 105.*

Knavery's plain Face is never seen till us'd.

Othello.

Thou fyghtest anente maydens, and ne Menne.

Ælla, P. 110.

Philip fought Men, but Alexander Women.

Lee's Alexander.

Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie Powere.

Ælla, P. 113.

Ye fen-suck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall and blast, &c.

King Lear.

Bee youre Names blasted from the Rolle of Dome!

Ælla, P. 114.

My Name be blotted from the Book of Life!

King Rich. II.

Theie lepe ynto the Sea, and bobblynge yield
yer Breathe.

Ælla, P. 126.

Then plung'd into the Stream with deep De-
spair,

And her last Sighs came bubbling up in Air.

Dryden's Virgil, B. 12.

O forr a Spryte al Feere!

Ælla, P. 128.

O for a Muse of Fire!

King Henry V.

Hylles of yer Bowkes dyd ryse oponne the
Playgne

Ælla, P. 130.

And thickening round him rise the Hills of
Dead.

Pope's Iliad.

Blacke hys Cryne as the Wyntere Nyghte;

Whyte hys Rode as the Sommer Snowe.

Ælla, P. 136.

His Beard was white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole.

Hamlet.

My Love ys dedde,

Gon to hys Death-Bedde.

Ælla, P. 136.

No, no, he is dead

Gone to his Death-Bed.

Hamlet.

Brynge me a Stede wythe Eagle-Wynges for
Flyghte.

Ælla, P. 140.

Oh for a Horse with Wings!

Cymbeline.

Yee Goddes, howe ys a Loverres Temper formed!
Sometymes the samme Thyng wylle bothe bane
and bleffe.

Ælla, P. 140.

With what unequal Tempers are we form'd!

One Day the Soul, &c.

Fair Penitent.

Maie ne thie Cross-Stone of thie Cryme bewree!
Maie alle Menne ken thie Valoure, fewe thie
Mynde!

Ælla, P. 159.

—Take thy Praise with thee to Heaven,

Thy Ignomy sleep with thee in the Grave,

But not remember'd in thy Epitaph!

K. Henry IV. P. 1.

Thys Alleyn was unburled of alle mie Spryte;
Mie Honnoure, &c.

Mie Honnoure yette somme drybblet joie maie
fynde—

Ælla, P. 166.

Had it pleas'd Heaven

To try me with Affliction—

I should have found in some Part of my Soul
A Drop of Patience.

Othello.

Unburied, undelievre, unespryte,

Goddwyn, P. 178.

Unhouse'd, unappointed, unaneal'd,

Hamlet.

————— To the Skyes

The dailie Countes of the Londe ascende.

The Wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes
Cries,

Acheke the mokie Aire, and Heaven ascende.

Goddwyn, P. 180.

————— Every Day

New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new
Sorrows

Strike Heaven on the Face. *Macbeth.*

Tenne bloddie Arrowes ynne hys streyninge Fist.

Goddwyn, P. 195.

————— In his right Hand

Grasping ten thousand Thunders.

Milton's Par. Lost, B. 6.

Their Soules from Corpses unaknell'd depart.

Battle of Hastings, P. 223.

Pope read unaknell'd for unaneal'd in *Hamlet.*

O Chryste, it is a Grief for me to telle—

Battle of Hastings, P. 210.

O Chrifte my very Hart doth bleed.

Chevy Chase.

That he the Sleeve unravels all theire Fate.

Battle of Hastings, 218.

————— Ravell'd Sleeve of Care. *Macbeth.*

The Grey-goose Pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson Blood was wett.

Battle of Hastings, P. 219.

The Grey-goose Wing that was thereon,

In his Heart's Blood was wet. *Chevy Chase.*

His noble Soule cameroushing from the Wounde.

Battle of Hastings, P. 227.

And the disdainful Soul came ruthing through
the Wound. *Dryden's Virgil, B. 12.*

While Life and Dethe strove for the Masterrie.

Battle of Hastings, P. 230.

That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. *Macbeth.*

Like Clouds of Carnage.

Battle of Hastings, P. 251.

Clouds of Carnage blot the Sun.

Gray's Ode.

He clos'd his Eyne in everlastynge Nyghte.

Battle of Hastings, P. 251.

Clos'd his Eyes in endles Night.

Gray's Ode.

Ah, what avayl'd the Lyons on his Crest!

Battle of Hastings, P. 251.

Ah, what avail his glossy varying Dyes,

His purple Crest, &c. *Pope's Windsor Forest.*

As *ouphant* Faeries, whan the Moone sheenes
bryghte,

In littel Circles daunce upon the Greene,
All living Creatures flie far from their Syghte,
Ne by the *Race of Destinie* be seen;
For what he be that *ouphant* Faeries stryke,
Their Soules will wander, &c.

Battle of Hastings, P. 232.

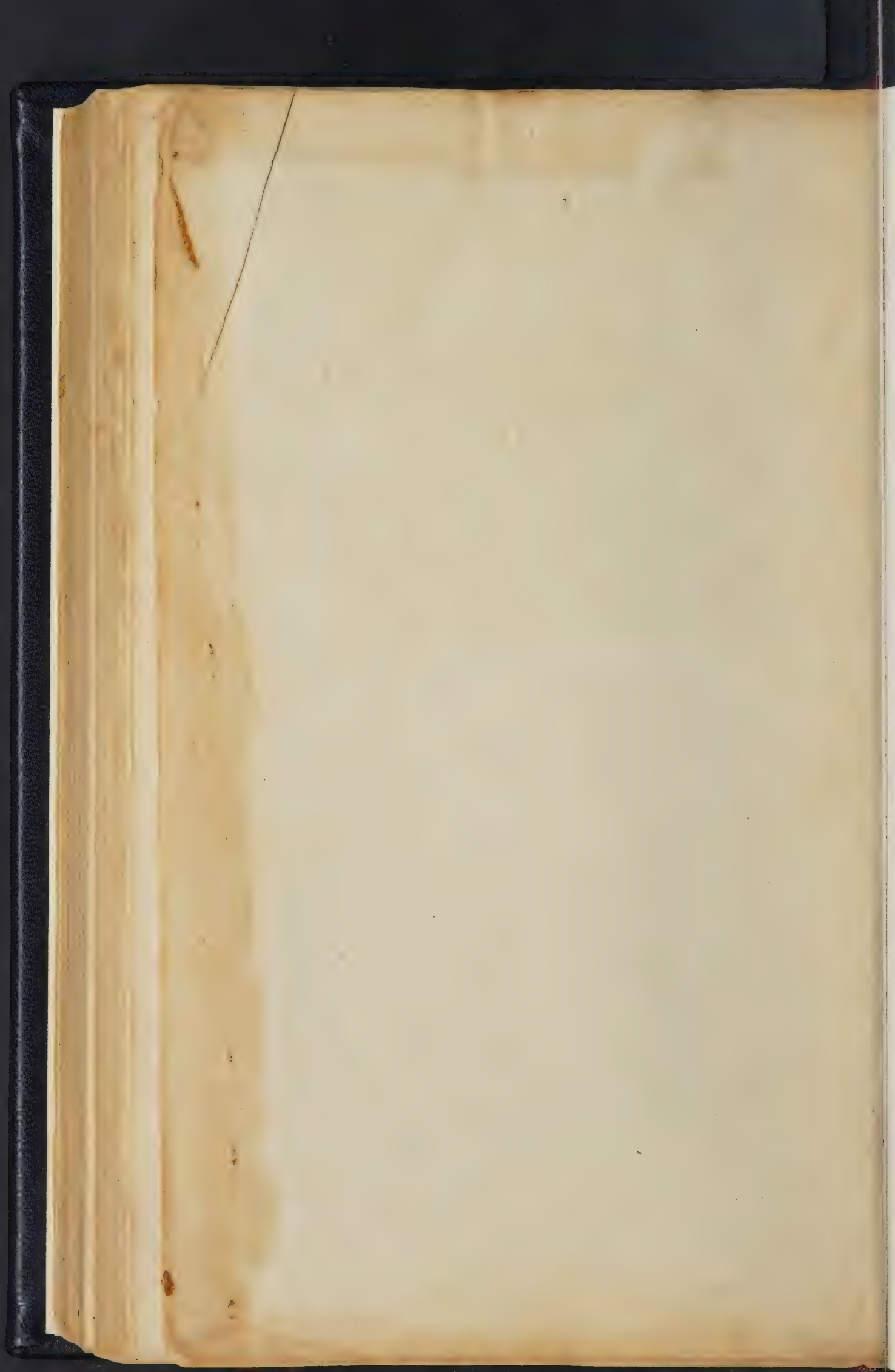
You Moonshine Revellers and Shades of Night,
You *ouphen Heirs* of fixed *Destiny*, &c.

——— He who speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no Man their Works
must Eye.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Warburton's Edit.

These parallel Passages, Mr. Baldwin, occurred
to me on casually looking over the Poems im-
puted to Rowley; but some of your ingenious
Correspondents, who peruse them with greater
Attention, may furnish you with Conformities
continued through many Particulars of superior
Consequence and Notoriety.

I am, Sir, &c.



PR
3340

AS
Jg

1777b
C.1

4103364

11285

